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By HANS COUDENHOVE

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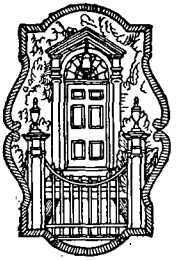

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THE LIVING AGE

October 10, 1925

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THIS WEEK

Now that Bolshevism has become a word of derision in England, the Red Peril is on the wane. What the *Spectator's* anonymous contributor is pleased to call the 'balance of mind' and 'horse sense' of British labor has made the country the happy place it is today. Tolerance and 'a feeling that live and let live is one of the best rules of life' have kept the Empire Builders from the horrible fate of *George E. Sokolsky's* Chinese coolies. These wretched creatures are at the mercy of every mountebank propagandist, native or foreign, red, white, or yellow. Although the agriculturalists are happy enough, the factory workers have a dismal future of rice, fish, and cabbage diet in store for them.

❦ ❦ ❦

Shaliapin, as our indomitable proof-reading department insists on spelling it, is not so helpless in the presence of Bolsheviki as are the Chinese or even the English. When a delegation of Muscovites appeared in his Paris apartment to try to get money out of him he told them to draw it out of his Moscow bank account. The fact that the People had confiscated all the funds belonging to the People's Singer embarrassed the visitors beyond words and sent them away in a fit of the utmost confusion.

❦ ❦ ❦

The inside view that the good *Mr. Martus* vouchsafes us of the French Senate bolsters up what little pride we have in our own ten-thousand-a-year men. Surely that inimitable Gallic touch is the quintessence of absurdity; yet the habits of the slumbering Solons of Paris might be imitated at Washington with some profit. With the President on his rocking-horse and the Senate asleep, the country should be safe.

❦ ❦ ❦

To those of paltry intelligence, the Mexican Dance of the Dead will appear just as far-fetched as did the Fundamentalists' outbursts to those naughty High School agnostics who shocked Tennessee half to death last summer. But we worshipers of Pure Beauty will recognize their quaint aboriginal customs as the Real Thing.

❦ ❦ ❦

A New Ribbon is not the subtitle of Mr. — or Miss — Lyster's story entitled, What the Typewriter Needed. The characters are literary people, the action takes place in Dublin (its resemblance to *Ulysses* ends here), and the big scene occurs in the offices of such a little magazine that the huge *Living Age* staff was incapacitated with laughter at the thought of it and spilled soya-bean juice all over the banquet-table-cloth at King Wah Low's.

❦ ❦ ❦

Charles Nordmann unmasks both Poles — North and South — and tells how they can be found on a starry night or a sunny day. He likewise advances a new theory which explains the shape of the earth and why the North Pole is wet and the South dry.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *OCTOBER 10, 1925* — NO. 4240

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LONDON, MOSCOW, PEKING

RIGHTLY or wrongly, British Labor, supported of course by its Continental allies and to some extent by Labor in America, has been alarmed of late over rumors of a 'double conspiracy' to crush Soviet Russia and the Nationalist Movement in China, which has its centre at Canton. W. N. Ewer, writing in the September number of the *Labour Monthly*, says: 'Twice Mr. Chamberlain has made direct and rather crude attempts at securing joint action by the Allied Powers against Russia. The first was at the Rome meeting last December; the second was that pretty plan of a joint demand for the expulsion of the Komintern (Third International) headquarters for Moscow. Each broke down because of the reluctance of France and the definite opposition of Italy.' The Fascisti and the Communists are said to get along very well together. No Communists have been expelled from Italy, while Liberal and Clerical leaders are seeking safety abroad. Chicherin, the Russian Foreign Minister, is rumored to contemplate a sojourn for his health at Capri.

To resume Mr. Ewer's conjectures: 'The next step was the Pact proposal, emanating from Berlin, but inspired from Downing Street. Its ostensible purpose is to restore peace to Western Europe. Its real purpose in the eyes of Downing Street is to separate Russia from Germany, to destroy the work done at Rapallo, to isolate the Soviet Government in Europe.'

Action Française, a Paris Royalist journal, informs its readers: 'The anti-Soviet bloc of which the London Cabinet is thinking must include Germany if it is to be complete. That is the real meaning of the Pact, its secret and profound raison d'être.' *Gazeta Warszawska* observes: 'British policy is directed by the clearly established tendency to align Germany against Russia. The struggle for the Pact is, for England, a war against the Treaty of Rapallo.' From Berlin the Liberal *Vossische Zeitung* chimes in: 'England's plan is to cast a ring round Moscow from the Baltic to the Black Sea.' That paper's Russian correspondent writes from Moscow: 'During the last few months Moscow has looked at foreign politics exclusively from the

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standpoint of a Russian-British conflict. Every occurrence throughout the world has been related in one way or another to this cause.' He then proceeds to analyze the situation in Asia, where the seat of this conflict exists, as follows: 'Events in that continent, including the agitation for national independence, are no more due to the Russians than to anyone else. They are the product of a natural development . . . Neither English nor Russian influence is capable of determining the course of popular movements there. . . . The Chinese troubles have their deeper ground in a profound transformation of the economic and social structure of the country. The overpopulation of the Chinese villages and the introduction of modern economic institutions have compelled the excess of rural labor to migrate. Since modern industry is not yet sufficiently developed to employ this labor, we are witnessing a repetition of what occurred under similar conditions in Germany during the Middle Ages — the formation of insurgent peasant armies that keep the land in turmoil.'

This writer then analyzes the effect of the changed attitude of the masses in Asia — and he might have said in North Africa as well — toward their own upper classes and its effect upon the policy of the Colonial Powers. 'The British Empire worked out a simple and clear formula of colonial policy over one hundred years ago. It was to rule the colored races through their own upper classes. England strove to win over the ruling caste in India. She sought to ally the native feudal nobility with herself and her objects by a community of interests. This method no longer works, for the common people of Asia are rising against their own feudal overlords just as much as they are rising against their foreign masters. Consequently England's traditional policy runs afoul a deeper historical process. The overthrow of foreign rule in Asia will accompany the overthrow of the native feudal classes, and this double conflict lends unprecedented bitterness to the struggle.'

Any design to attack Russia, if it exists, is hardly likely to have the undivided support of British opinion. Even the Conservative *Saturday Review*, in referring a few weeks ago to an unconfirmed rumor that the British Foreign Office had recently proposed to the Quai d'Orsay that the British and French Governments deport the Bolshevist Diplomatic Missions in London and Paris, believed the rumor well founded, but was opposed to 'any policy which would enable Bolshevist leaders to pose as martyrs of the capitalist system.' It did not think such a measure would weaken Bolshevist propaganda in China, Afghanistan, India, or anywhere else. 'There is only one way to counteract the effects of political agitators; and that is to retain a clear conscience. As long as the British Empire continues to treat the peoples with whom it comes in contact with complete justice . . . it need feel no serious alarm at the news that M. Zinoviev has produced another letter, or that Russia is spending money she badly needs for her own reconstruction in encouraging disruption elsewhere.'

Canton is the centre of a network of Communist propaganda extending to the Philippines and the Netherlands Indies, and apparently to India; although Moscow's partisans in the latter country undoubtedly have direct connection also with the centre of their faith. Two versions of the military situation in China itself are current. One is to the effect that Chang Tso-lin — who is not dead as reported, but has sent the journalist responsible for

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that 'exaggerated report' to jail — and Feng Yu-hsiang — who, notwithstanding his rumored conversion to Bolshevism, has just opened a school to train Christian army-chaplains for his soldiers, and is holding examinations for admission to it at Shanghai, Hankow, and Peking — are secretly in agreement and are in constant communication with each other through confidential intermediaries. Another is to the effect that they are actively marshaling their forces for a new war. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between these extremes. English accounts of Chinese conditions seem a little more highly colored than those from other sources. But the sensational is sometimes prophetic. One recalls the famous dispatch from *Punch's* 'Shanghai correspondent' not long before the outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan: 'Impossible to exaggerate the seriousness of the situation here, but I 'll do the best I can.' The Peking correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* lines up the forces of the possible opponents, with a shrewd caviat against taking their alleged hostility too seriously, as follows: —

Chang Tso-lin: Manchuria, 157,000 troops; Chihli, 68,000; Shantung, 35,000; total, 260,000.

Feng Yu-hsiang: First Army, 80,000; Second Army, 120,000 (but representing, besides Yueh Wei-chun's men, a large, undisciplined banditry); Third Army, 54,000; total, 254,000.

Not the least interesting sign of the moment is a certain wary rapprochement between the protagonists of the North. No one who has studied the situation can doubt that the final issue must some day be fought out between Chang and Feng — probably with the assistance on one side or the other of Wu Pei-fu. But the approach of the Conference persuades both sides that force must for the time give way to diplomacy.

THE CONGRESS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK

THE Stockholm Church Conference of Christian Life and Work, to which we have alluded briefly in an earlier issue, appears to have made a deeper impression upon the public mind of Europe than most of the international gatherings that have played so conspicuous a part in her cultural and political life since the war. It was more than a picturesque spectacle, though picturesque elements abounded in this coming-together in Sweden's beautiful capital of people of all colors and all tongues, and of the most varied religious rites and antecedents. Numerically at least America sent the strongest delegation, some two hundred, as compared with one hundred and twenty-eight Englishmen, eighty Germans, and fourteen Frenchmen. Every continent was represented. Most of the great peoples of Asia, where Christianity is experiencing an historical crisis with the new demand for religious self-determination, sent delegates. Of the great non-Catholic countries Russia was the only one whose voice was silent.

To be sure, discordant notes were faintly audible — quickly soft-pedaled, however, by the skillful Swedish hosts and their coadjutors. The German delegation 'was not happily constituted.' Its nucleus included an active group of some nine men and women of pronounced Nationalist opinions, who were not quite at home in the conciliatory atmosphere of the Congress — among them the chairman of the 'Association for Combating the War-Guilt Lie.' Fortunately their colleagues were more interested in Christian work than in political polemics. Professor Hermelinck of the Marburg theological faculty deplored the fact that on account of this minority 'end-

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less difficulties arose in the bosom of the delegation, which its leaders had difficulty in banishing in the interest of peace and Christian propriety. Their own lively nightly and Sunday sessions prevented the Germans from becoming as intimately acquainted as was desirable with the delegates of other nations.' Oriental bishops and churchmen, who were rather touchy on questions of prestige and rank, also lacked the spirit of harmony. The Bulgarians and the Rumanians refused to become reconciled with the Greeks. Nevertheless, they got on together after a fashion, and their presence made it easier for the English High Church, which is courting an alliance with the Eastern confessions, to take an active part in the proceedings.

Dramatic episodes occurred at Stockholm, however, that far outshone these shadows, as when Elie Gounelle, an eloquent Protestant pastor of Paris, addressed the meeting, and turning to the leader of the more intransigent German Protestants, with outstretched arms, exclaimed: 'Friends beyond the Rhine, I extend to you my hands. We wait for you. I am here not to hate with you but to love with you.' After he had concluded, this German delegate stepped across the hall and warmly shook his hand.

Race questions occupied a prominent place on the programme. One afternoon a black Methodist preacher, a Chinese lady who is a Bachelor of Theology, the Bishop of Mombasa, and a Japanese spoke in succession. A Negro clergyman from America described the five races as 'the five fingers on the hand of God,' and the Chinese lady theologian declared that our exaggerated race-distinctions 'have their root in ignorance and lack of Christian faith.'

Some French correspondents found it difficult to overcome a certain political distrust of the Congress. One of them, writing in the Clerical *Écho de Paris*, said: 'Unquestionably we have been watching an event destined to accentuate the preponderant influence of the Protestant nations — that is, of Great Britain, the United States, and Germany. . . . Russia was absent. The Orthodox churches were merely picturesque background. What weight could even the Patriarch of Alexander have in a council overwhelmed by a German and Anglo-Saxon majority?' A correspondent of *Journal des Débats* observed that, except for four or five speeches, no new ideas were presented upon the main theme of the Congress — Christian coöperation for the pacification of the world. 'From session to session we continued to hear sublime generalities.' Nevertheless, he believed that Protestants needed this experience. 'Their solicitous individualism and insistence upon free examination have deprived most of the Protestant bodies of a sense of unity. They are apt to leave that to the future and to the hands of Providence. It is reasonable to suppose that the influence of the delegates at Stockholm, and the world-wide organization they have formed for Christian Life and Work, will gradually create an unpolemical sort of Catholicism.'

The Swiss press was optimistic. *Journal de Genève* thought the Congress brought vividly before its members the supreme importance of preaching the fraternity of all mankind. The representatives of the *Deutsche Jugendbewegung*, or Youth Movement, attracted much attention by their strongly anti-ecclesiastical but by no means antichristian attitude. A French delegate declared: 'This Conference has been haunted by the thought of the coming generation.' A correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, after caution-

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ing his readers that too much must not be expected immediately of such a gathering, said that the Congress had created a community of feeling extending over a world-wide group of churches, an unmistakable and abiding 'common consciousness.' 'The spirit of a new church is in formation. It is the spirit of a new responsibility for each other, of a new and deeper fraternity.'

The practical labors of the Conference culminated in the appointment of a permanent Executive Committee of fifteen members, having at its head the Bishop of Winchester, and a Continuation Committee of sixty-seven members, composed of subcommittees for the churches of Continental Europe, the British Empire, America, the Greek Orthodox churches, and the missionary churches of India, China, Japan, and South Africa. This general body is under the presidency of Archbishop Soederblom of Upsala, moderator of the Stockholm gathering, whom the *Journal de Genève's* correspondent describes as 'a prince of the Church with the face of a peasant, vivacious and blunt, indefatigable, ecumenical and polyglot. Those who see the churches of the world more united twenty years from now than they are to-day will recall with gratitude that square brow, those keen blue eyes, those masterly gestures.'

In concluding the sessions the Crown Prince of Denmark said: 'One of the principal tasks of all Christian churches to-day should be to promote a spirit of mutual understanding. Every church should exert itself vigorously to bring this about. I believe that this Congress has done much to create a better understanding among the Christian confessions represented here.'

*

ZIONISTS IN SESSION

THE last biennial Zionist Congress at Vienna was advertised to the world at large by anti-Semite rioting, which, however, was kept under control by the police and amounted to little more than vocal disorder. In fact, some of the attacks upon the Executive within the Congress were more violent. Like other parliaments — for these biennial meetings have now become virtually a Hebrew parliament — this body is divided into a Right, a Left, and a Centre. The Right, consisting of some sixty delegates, attacked those in control of the organization for showing excessive religious tolerance in Palestine, and demanded the enforcement on all colonists of a multitude of Orthodox Jewish observances. The Radicals, somewhat less numerous and consisting for the most part of Labor and Moderate Socialist delegates, wanted a bigger place in the administration. A little militarist group clamored for a 'purely Jewish army.' Critics of the powers that be found fault with the Jewish Agency in Palestine for failing to insist on the appointment of a Jew as the new High Commissioner and for permitting certain alleged discriminations against the Jews and in favor of the Arabs by the British Government. Among other things, some sixty thousand acres of land have been allotted to the Arabs in the Valley of the Jordan, where the Jews have received no grants. Half a million dollars has been granted to Arab schools, or a much larger sum than to the Jewish schools, though the latter have a larger registration. But these complaints failed to move the members of the Congress, which supported by a large majority the existing Executive.

Among matters of immediate practical policy was the allotment of the new budget, which provides for the expenditure of about three million dollars the coming year. Nearly half of this will be devoted to the encouragement of agriculture and the settlement

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of Jewish colonists upon the land. Well toward half a million dollars is appropriated for the schools, and something like two hundred thousand dollars for assisting town colonization. Many of the Polish Jews who desire to migrate to Palestine are hand craftsmen, and the 'bourgeois' element among the present settlers is claiming more assistance than it has hitherto received from the Treasury.

NEWS FROM BOLIVIA

DOCTOR VILLANUEVA, who was elected President of Brazil last May but was not allowed to take office, recently reached Arica in the Chile-Peru plebiscite area a political fugitive from his country. The Bolivian Senate annulled his election on the ground that he had not resigned office six months prior to the polling, as provided for by law. This issue is admittedly a pretext, even though an adequate one. The real cause for Dr. Villanueva's expulsion, according to the *West Coast Leader*, is that he has been negotiating since his election with the leaders of the Liberal Party, which is strongly pro-Chilean and opposed to the Republican Party's pro-Peruvian policy. The Liberals were overthrown in 1920 after their leader, ex-President Montes, then Bolivia's Minister in Paris, was charged with having entered into an agreement with Augustin Edwards, then Chile's Minister in London and now her delegate on the Plebiscitary Commission at Arica, to use the influence of Bolivia to further Chile's claim to these disputed territories before the League of Nations.

Not only has Bolivia elected and expelled a President this year, but she also celebrated the centennial of her independence. Even more important than either of these events in larger perspective was the arrival at La Paz last August of the first direct train from Argentina. At last one can make a continuous railway journey from Buenos Aires to Mollendo, on the Pacific coast of Peru, with the exception of one night's steamer trip on Lake Titicaca. The first train thus to reach the Bolivian capital from the East bore the Argentine and Brazilian delegates to the centennial celebration at La Paz. From Mollendo in Peru to Buenos Aires is a total distance of more than two thousand miles, and the journey from the Pacific port to South America's metropolis on the La Plata will be made in a little more than one hundred hours of actual travel.

MINOR NOTES

MARSHAL FENG YU-HSIANG'S school for training army chaplains, to which we allude earlier in this issue, will admit only students possessing the following qualifications. They must be baptized Christians of good character, who are well versed in the knowledge of the Bible, who are vouched for by two clergymen or important church-members, who have graduated from a secondary school, who can pass the physical examination for the army, and who are over nineteen years of age. The courses at this 'Hung Tao Seminary' will consist of the study of the Old Testament and the New Testament, systematic theology, church history, homiletics, Confucius's *Four Books* and *Five Classics*, the Lao-tse and Mo Ti philosophies, Chinese history, Chinese ethics, English, psychology, military science, nursing, and manual training.

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THE REDS[1]

BRITISH LABOR'S GROWING RADICALISM

THE extremist movements of Labor are like a heath fire. The fire seems to be extinguished and the fire-beaters are ready to put on their coats and go home when some favoring breeze fans up smouldering embers and the fire starts off again. Since the war the vicissitudes of industrial agitation have followed almost exactly the course of a heath fire. The short period of calm after the war during which men were waiting to see if a New Jerusalem would really be built in England's green and pleasant land was succeeded by a really dangerous-looking movement when it seemed possible that Labor might try to organize itself on the Russian model and start soviets destined to expand eventually into instruments of domination. This movement died away, thanks to the extraordinarily effective though unconscious propaganda which was supplied by Russia herself. The more British handworkers learned about what was happening in Russia the less they liked the look of it. Soon Bolshevism became a word of derision.

It is impossible to follow all the ups and downs which are within common memory, and we may pass to the tremendous victory for Conservatism at the last General Election. Anybody might have been excused at that moment for believing that British Labor had put revolutionary ideas behind it for at least a generation. It is true that Labor polled five million votes more than at the previous election, but very few of those votes were cast in the hope of introducing Communism into this country. Yet now, when nothing in particular has happened to put new heart into Communism, we see on all sides signs of a concerted working of the extremist elements. The fire has burst out again.

When we are asked if we think there is any danger of revolution in this country we have to answer 'No' in one sense but 'Yes' in another. The vast majority of British handworkers have a really wonderful balance of mind; they have plenty of horse sense; and though, being naturally curious, they are willing to play with new ideas for a time, they always shrink at the last from any act that is dangerously speculative, unfair, or morbidly class-conscious.

Even if there should be revolution here, it would not follow the lines of a Russian or French revolution. There would be no Committee of Public Safety, no Cheka, because Englishmen even when excited or panic-stricken are not cruel. One of the most fortunate gifts of the British public is toleration, a feeling that 'live and let live' is one of the best rules of life. On the other hand, the lessons of history forbid us to say that danger does not exist. When men who have seized power find their position and their lives threatened they will do in fear what they never would have done when in possession of their full senses. Nor is it enough to say that revolutionaries are harmless because they are few. In every great revolution it was the minority, whether they were enthusiasts who were right or fanatics

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *September 5*

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who were wrong, who led a docile and unimaginative army of followers.

The spirit of Red Internationalism is probably no more popular in this country to-day than it was immediately after what may be called the great revelation of what Soviet rule in Russia really meant. Yet the Reds are sleepless. They know that they cannot establish Red Internationalism until they have made a deep impression upon every country in Europe. And it is precisely the tolerant, easy-going, humorous outlook upon life which we have described as being particularly British that exasperates the Communists of Russia. They are quite right in thinking that Great Britain is by far the stoutest enemy of Communism and that if the British could only be set sliding down the slippery slope every other European nation might easily follow. The present Red methods are very subtle, and as they have many of the characteristics of a forlorn hope they must be reckoned on the whole as remarkably successful. For the time being all thought of a grand attack has been abandoned; the method is rather to penetrate the mass of British solidity and stolidity by delusive or even invisible methods. It is the strategy of the 'cell.' The idea is for Communists to join the trade-unions and indeed any Labor organization and when safely inside to try to seduce all the members from their allegiance. The noxious influence may spread outward from the tiniest of cells.

The British Empire to-day presents a spectacle of what can be done in this way. Shipping is being held up, not only in Australia and South Africa, but also in British ports, by strikes which are in themselves a revolution against trade-union authority. Mr. Walsh and Mr. Johannsen, who have planted themselves in Australia, have succeeded in inducing British seamen to strike against the terms which their own executive signed on their behalf. Mr. Shinwell is prominent in doing the same disservice to trade-unionism at home. The break-up of British trade-unionism as we know it is, of course, one of the chief objects of Red Internationalism, because the whole constitution of our trade-unionism is based on democracy, and the Reds hate democracy worse than anything on earth. The dictatorship of the proletariat which they desire to establish is just a tyranny like any other of those tyrannies of which civilized men have gradually rid themselves. It bears what is naturally a more attractive name to the proletariat, but there is no other difference. In essence it is as wicked and unjust as the oppression of any other tyrant, whether a monarch or a feudal baron or a slaveowner.

Mr. Cook, the secretary of the Miners' Federation, has perhaps more excuse than most Labor leaders for having a swelled head, as he firmly believes that he has achieved a tremendous victory over the British Government and that only energy is needed to organize a much greater and a permanent victory for one class over all the other classes. Both he and Mr. Wheatley profess to be making ready for a kind of civil war which they assume will come when the nine months' truce in the coal-fields is ended. 'We are preparing a commissariat department,' says Mr. Cook; 'I am going to set up a fund to buy grub, so that when the struggle comes, and indeed before it comes, we shall have that grub distributed in the homes of our people. When the time comes we shall be ready.' Well, other people besides Mr. Cook's immediate friends have homes and also a right to grub. He will discover, if he really makes it necessary to have it proved to him, that other classes and interests are capable of organizing

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themselves against starvation and the threats of extinction.

From this point of view the nine months' truce seems to us to be a real help toward enlightenment. The nation has time to think the whole matter over and to judge the issue so that there will be no obscurity when it is taken up again. A reconstruction of the mining industry by constitutional means will be offered, and if Labor is so mad as to prefer war there will no longer be any tendency among the public to feel, as they felt a few weeks ago, that in looking at once to their own safety they may be sacrificing a deserving class of workers who have genuine grievances.

In China, again, the Reds are using the perfectly natural aspirations of the Chinese toward nationalism as a weapon to hit Great Britain as the stoutest enemy of Communism. It is convenient enough for the Chinese at the moment to work hand in hand with the Russian Reds, particularly in Canton, but in the long run no common ground will be found. For there is nothing in the traditions or the mental habits of the Chinese which links them at any point to the Slav ideologues. Nevertheless, the cells are safely inserted and occupied in China just as in Australia and South Africa and Great Britain. The question is whether British Labor leaders are going to be so foolish as to allow these cells to multiply and expand. The doctrine of the United Front, which is making some headway among Socialists here, is a rashness of the very kind that ought to be studiously avoided. To allow the Third or Red International to join up with the Amsterdam or Yellow International would be to mistake the process of swallowing for the process of fusion. The so-called Two-and-a-half International has so far failed to bridge the gulf between the Second International of Amsterdam and the Third International of Moscow, but the attempt will be repeated and other ways and means will be tried.

The Trade-Union Congress at Scarborough may prove to be a critical one. Even though it may in form spurn the Communists and may repudiate recent attempts to tamper with the Navy, Army, and the Air Force, it may in practice make life much more difficult for democracy. It will certainly do so if it has opened doors to Red foreign Internationalists, who — especially the Slavs — are much cleverer than the slow-thinking British at making the most of an opportunity.

That is one of the chief dangers; the cells are generally made to look quite harmless. Most of the seamen, for instance, who have been induced to strike have not the least conception — for they are loyal and simple men — that they are being used in the hope of cracking the foundation of the British Commonwealth of Nations. More likely they think that they are merely 'larning' their trade-union head, Mr. Havelock Wilson, who made what they think was a bad bargain for them.

We would sum up the situation by saying that there is not very much fire but that the amount of smoke shows the danger of fire over an unusually wide area. Communists and non-Communist extremists have become brother incendiaries. Who is to put out the fire? This is much less the duty of the Government than of the trade-unions. The cases are rare in which a prosecution for sedition would be successful or would be useful even if it were successful. The fact to be emphasized is that a definite attempt by a comparatively few energetic and determined men is being made to subvert the trade-unions from their proper functions and original purpose.

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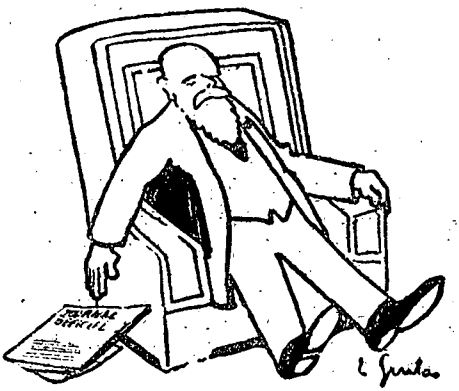
IN THE LOBBIES OF THE SENATE[1]

BY O. MARTUS

THE Senate of France is a calm assembly that performs its labors in a sort of perpetual drowse. Each member has his own armchair. Such a seat is vastly more conducive to slumber than



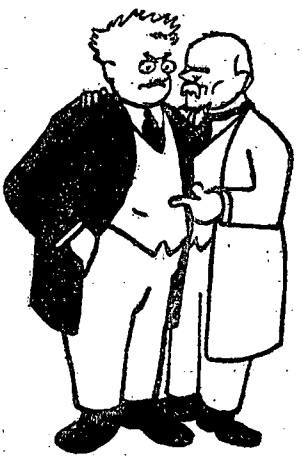
'Conducive to slumber'

the hard benches of the deputies. The Senate Chamber and the lobbies are covered with heavy carpets. Footsteps are muffled. It is not good form to lift one's voice in these staid precincts, which suggest both a convalescent home and a club. Any unbecoming evidence of emotion is promptly suppressed, and noisy and riotous Léon Daudet himself, had he ever been elected to this body, would have speedily been subdued.

Rarely does a member presume to address a colleague by the familiar *tu*. Naturally old and close friends like Millerand and Poincaré are exceptions. But who, for example, would dare venture such a familiarity toward M. Jonnart!

Our senators are not indifferent to politics. Indeed, some of them take a great interest in that game. But senatorial politics are mostly negative and noncommittal. Beneath the calm exteriors of these placid old gentlemen the fires of political passion still burn at times. Not long ago M. Herriot caused them to flare up violently when he hinted at a levy on capital. Instantly the Senate fell into a fury. It was like a quiet pond lashed to whitecaps by a storm.

Of course, the senators are above personal interests. It is true that many of them own large estates and are men of considerable property. But do they not assure us in their speeches that they are moved only by the most noble and



'Millerand and Poincaré are exceptions'

generous considerations? Do they not themselves impress upon us their contempt for all base and selfish motives, and their disinterested devotion to the public weal?

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *August* 8

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But they do not want anyone to disturb venerable traditions. Our civil code, which guarantees the sanctity of private property, seems to them a precious heritage — a heritage that it is sacrilege to attack.

Let any old usage be attacked and these dignified Solons become as impassioned as any corner agitator. That is what occurred during the Herriot Ministry, whose Chief was painted as a frightful revolutionary. Such an idea spreads rapidly, for most of our Conscript Fathers, who only follow politics from day to day, believe implicitly whatever their leaders tell them. They docilely follow the bellwether.

Frankly, the lobbies of the Luxembourg Palace are rather dull. Whenever anything important is in the air, discussion is confined to the Senate Chamber. Thirty — possibly fifty — senators manage things, do the manœuvring and intriguing; and the rest follow these leaders. Consequently the debates are not well attended. Some members live in the country and rarely visit Paris. Probably they know where *la rue de Vaugirard* is, but they are not familiar with the topography of the Capital, especially the right bank of the Seine.

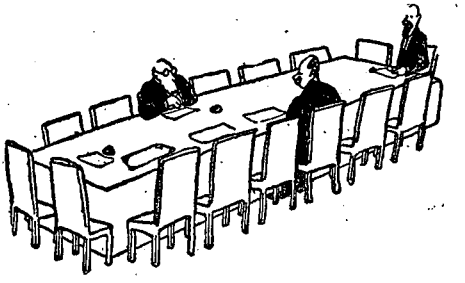
'Will you please tell me where *la rue Drouot* is?' one of them once asked me anxiously.

Nor are the senators much better acquainted with men prominent in public life. It is not surprising, then, that the moment they get off the train they gladly put themselves in charge of some better-informed colleague, who pilots them through the official and physical mazes of the metropolis.

We should not criticize our senators, however, for not taking a more active part in the Senate's labors. For until they are at least fifty years old they are regarded as immature youths whose inexperience disqualifies them for having opinions of their own. The sole exceptions are a few gifted politicians whose rise has been unusually rapid and brilliant. Certain high officials, prefects, councilors of State, generals, and ex-cabinet ministers also attain recognition at a somewhat earlier age.

Jurists and former heads of executive departments enjoy more prestige in the Senate than professional politicians. But the latter are the more numerous, since the senators are for the most part former members of the Chamber of Deputies or of the provincial councils. But ex-deputies do not get ahead very fast unless they have been prime ministers. Even a former cabinet officer has to wait for recognition. How many defunct excellencies sleep in the mausoleum of the Luxembourg!

A senator knows that he has been judged worthy of admission to the narrow circle of the elect when he is



'Two or three members are ordinarily present'

made a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs or the Senate Committee on Finance. These are the most important committees and practically the only ones that meet regularly. The others are summoned whenever a bill lying within their special sphere is up for consideration. On these comparatively rare occasions, the Committee's chairman, its secretary, and two or three members are ordinarily

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present; and it is considered a great achievement to be able to supply a really competent floor-leader to present its report to the Senate as a whole.

This explains why bills that have passed the Chamber are delayed so long in the Upper House. Such bills are referred to a committee. They are put away in a portfolio and it takes boundless patience and labor to get them out of it again. As a rule, the Senate does not get an opportunity even to vote against them. So hosts of bills are forgotten. They die of neglect. They perish in the oblivion of a Committee pigeonhole. The Chamber votes a law; the Senate procrastinates until the session is over; the new Chamber has forgotten the project; the man who has the bill in charge for the Senate disappears; the chairman of the Committee changes. At the end of a few years the whole thing is forgotten — buried forever.

On rare occasions, however, a bill of this kind is disinterred and passed, after being shunted back and forth between the Houses five or six times. But that is a miracle.

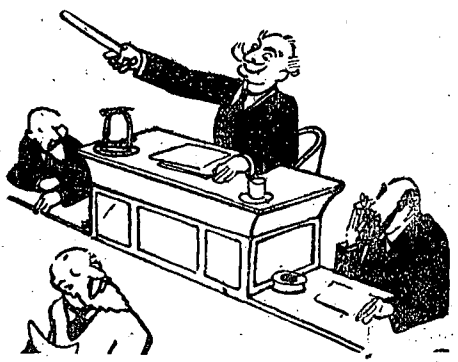
Critics of our parliamentary system, who generally reserve most of their reproaches for the Lower House, are apt to overlook the consequences of this lethargy, which interferes with the successful functioning of our legislative machine quite as much as do the tumultuous vagaries of the Chamber.

To get ahead in the Senate a member needs only to be assiduous and industrious. That explains the success of the present leaders of that body — which, on the whole, contains few devotees of the midnight oil.

The most powerful members of the Senate are the chairman and the regular floor-manager of the Finance Committee. During those critical sessions when the budget is being buffeted back and forth between the Parties, and sometimes between the Houses, these two men represent the entire body. The opposition of the Senate is their personal opposition. If they yield, all goes well.

During the sessions of the Senate the members obediently follow their committees. It was from his vantage point in the Committee of Foreign Affairs and the Army Committee that Clemenceau attacked and defeated our war cabinets. Poincaré is now quietly making trouble for his opponents from his place on the Foreign Affairs Committee.

The Senate's public debates are a sort of hieratical formality. They arouse little interest except during great crises. Senators are not very regular in attendance. Perhaps they dislike the sight of the empty armchairs around them, much as sick



'He flourishes his big paper-knife'

people in a hospital dislike the empty beds in their ward.

Indeed, the sessions are usually dull affairs. The only person who ventures to disturb their orderly routine is the President, M. Justin de Selves, who is a partial and maladroit presiding officer. He flourishes his big paper-knife like a sabre on the slightest provocation, but he confines his reprimands exclusively to his colleagues on the Left. He is solemn, pontifical, and overbearing. If he hears the slight-

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est hum of conversation, he interrupts the proceedings to shout, 'We are not in the Lower House!'

When the sessions are prolonged to a late hour, the Senate's staff shows great solicitude for the comfort of the members. The buffet is sumptuously supplied, and automobiles are waiting in the courtyard to take weary Solons to their homes.

Some senators are devoted to their families. They keep a watchful eye on every government department, on the judiciary, and on the diplomatic corps, so that no opportunity may escape them to place a son, a grandson, a son-in-law, or a nephew on the public pay-roll. A cabinet, were it so disposed, could use this family solicitude to prolong its life. Almost any ministry might turn the few votes required for a prolonged lease of power by a skillful use of patronage for that purpose. I do not suggest that this has ever happened; although certain incidents at the time of the State trials under Clemenceau and the *décrets-lois* of Poincaré might create that suspicion. If patronage has ever been used improperly, we can at least say that this abuse is the exception.

The Senate is jealous of its independence and is instinctively opposed to innovation. It resists change. It clings tenaciously to the past. But it always yields in the end.

In 1927 the Senate will suffer a marked change of membership, for most of the new members then chosen will belong to the Left. The last municipal and cantonal elections have settled that.

THE DEAD HEART OF AUSTRALIA. II[1]

A LADY'S DESERT TREK

BY PHILIPPA BRIDGES

NEXT morning, when all should have been easy, Barley, the lead camel, began to 'sing out,' lay down and rolled. The boy did not want me to try the remedy. 'May be hungry, may be tired. Mulga over there,' he said. We loaded her with the baggage to discourage further rolling, and rushed the string along to the mulga, and soon all four camels were feeding contentedly. But if Barley had wished to make my flesh creep, she could have found no surer way of doing it. There were now three wells in the remaining 126 miles to Tennant's Creek. At Wycliffe Well I met the Crook family, whose home is in such a remote spot that their daughters seldom see a woman outside their own circle. Bonny Well was a ricketty construction much eaten by white ants. By this time Topsy was so tired of camel-riding that she could do no work in camp, but mooned about restlessly looking for *widgeedees*, or edible caterpillars. But she is generally industrious, and made herself a new dress on the march, stitching away upon the camel, because she wished to be 'flash' in Alice Springs.

For two days a dust storm blew from

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *August* 20, 21

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the north, the scorching wind bringing also columns of smoke from bush fires, and although we were in no danger, since the fire had already crossed our path, the mixture of heat and smoke and dust rather spoiled the picnic. Black ants that bit severely had taken possession of a four-mile block round Kelly Well, and the camels must have suffered, for they broke their hobbles that night and came in looking very done up. The next day we were in civilization at Tennant's Creek, having covered 650 miles by camel since leaving the Macumba.

After the quiet of the bush, Tennant's Creek seemed bustlingly active. Besides the telegraph-station master and his assistant, the line party had come in for their stores, making a total of six white men. The line party travels beside the overland telegraph at the rate of five miles a day, keeping it in repair and cutting away the bush. An important part of their work is the tautening of the two wires after a few hundred parrots have perched upon them and suddenly taken flight. I have been told that the last resource of overlanders who fall sick and cannot get to water is to make for the telegraph line and damage it, certain that the slightest interruption to messages will bring repairing parties from the nearest stations, and though such interference is punishable by three months in prison, people have been known to take the risk in the hope that indulgent telegraph officers will report the damage to have been done by parrots. I had a feeling for the line, having day after day watched the short metal poles coming rhythmically to meet me at the rate of one a minute, by which I could gauge the camels' pace at three miles an hour.

Most of the natives at the Tennant had gone off to do a 'walk-about,' but a number of lubras were encamped in the creek, all of whom refused to speak because the men had 'put a silence on them.' It was entertaining to watch the weekly issue of rations to women who would not utter a word, who asked for tea and sugar in pantomime, and who grunted approval. Evidently it was not the first time they had been under the ban, for their gestures were unanimous. They were all simply clad in men's shirts, and the one who wore a battered old hat as well did so with the air of painting the lily. Macumba Jack belonged to this tribe, so he took up his abode in their camp, but Topsy, a native of Aldnagowra, near Oodnadatta, was not admitted. She spent her time sitting on the doorstep of my room, getting my things ready for the next stage of the journey, and regaling me with gossip about the other lubras and the strenuous ordeal that a young boy was undergoing during his initiation into manhood, how every evening he was 'killed' with a stick, and so on.

The pack-horse mail arrived from the South in charge of a mailman who had ridden thirty-seven thousand miles during his seven years' service without ever being late or losing a parcel. With him came the new station-master for Powell's Creek, one hundred and twenty miles north, who had never been in the saddle until he left Oodnadatta on the 770-mile ride to take up his new duties. I now sent the 'plant' so kindly lent me by Sir Sidney Kidman back to the Macumba station, Topsy reiterating her little farewell, 'Goo'-bye. I lose you. I lonely.' Both she and the boy had proved trustworthy and efficient, and I think they were particularly good types of their race.

The postal authorities in Adelaide, hearing that I was traveling North, kindly arranged to run a buggy from the Tennant to Powell's Creek, for which I was very grateful to them, for

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otherwise it would have been difficult to get enough pack-horses for the baggage, animals being in such poor condition, and feed and water so scarce. I said good-bye to my kind and courteous host, who, with his colleagues, had made the few days' halt very pleasant and interesting, threw a last glance at the lovely oleander bushes, in full bloom, which turned the station into an oasis, and took my seat beside the driver. We watered the horses that afternoon at the Carriman Lagoon, which seemed to be chiefly mud, and had a dry camp at night at Gibson's Creek, choosing a bit of hard ground to avoid snakes. My camp was pitched beside the buggy, and the black boy who rode in charge of the eleven spare horses made me a bed of fragrant gum-leaves that was softer than any mattress. The horses did not get a drink until next morning, when, after crossing the Three Haywards and the Attack Gap, we found water in the Attack Creek.

I felt truly sorry for our animals. The second pair of horses could hardly do any work, and one of them had to be left behind to be picked up later when the mail returned. The next pair were in little better case. They stood still and endured a very futile flogging without attempting to move, and it was only when the men put their shoulders to the wheels that the poor half-starved creatures could start. We passed Morphett Creek and crossed the plain to Banka-banka, the station of the Ambrose brothers, whose courtesy and hospitality knew no bounds. The talk turned upon beef, cattle-raising in general, and the all-important subject of the new railway. Owing to our late arrival and early departure I did not see much of the station. I had heard that, in spite of the difficulties of the climate, Mr. Ambrose had a good garden, and the excellent meal prepared for us testified as much to the skill of the gardener as to that of the cook.

The next evening we reached Helen Springs, the home of the Bohning family, who run their station without any black labor, both the boys and girls helping in the work of herding and rounding up the cattle. The five children, all born in the Northern Territory, cantered out a few miles to meet us. It was eleven days since I had seen a white woman, and Mrs. Bohning gave me a kindly welcome. There was a very interesting garden here, where various experiments were being tried. I was shown an orphaned camel, two years old, that had been brought up by a goat that grew very attached to it and preferred it to her own kids.

One of the drawbacks to life in the North is the limitation of the parcel post to three pounds in weight. I heard how one boot arrived alone and its fellow was delivered by the next mail six weeks later; of a saddle forwarded in three-pound parcels, to be remade by the purchaser; of sheets and dress lengths cut to fit the exigencies of the post.

The buggy stood the rough road pretty well, as the tires had been padded with rawhide, but one afternoon the pole got loose, owing to a bolt on the front carriage having jolted out. The boy was sent to the telegraph line to search beneath it for a piece of discarded wire, which he was fortunate in finding; so the repair was quickly done. Part of the mailman's work is to keep an eye upon the line and report if he sees anything wrong. He told me of the difficulty of traveling in the 'wet,' one district, called the Gluepot, having a particularly bad reputation for bogging horses unawares.

The telegraph people at Powell's Creek were a cheery party, and enter-

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tained me most kindly. They told me that they lived in the 'snakiest place' in all Australia. Two 'cheeky' ones were killed while I was there, and beside my door hung an arrangement of twisted wire called a 'convincer,' as a handy weapon. The chief event was a cattle 'muster,' or round-up, a few miles away, when the manager handed over to his successor, and we rode over to the yard and counted the cattle as they ran out.

The regular mailman arrived with his plant, and I was prepared to start the next morning on the three-hundred-mile journey to the Katherine River, when a Government contractor, who was sinking a well in those parts, telephoned to say he was sending a car over the next day and would be glad if I would make use of it. So the sixty miles to Newcastle Waters that I had meant to do on horseback was accomplished in a few hours, and with far less fatigue. The bush changes slightly from time to time. Here ironwood, beefwood, lancewood, Bohemia tree, bulwaddy, and turpentine flanked the road. At South Newcastle, about midday, some *brolgas*, or 'native companions,' and spoonbills were fishing in the milky pond. They ignored the arrival of the car, but took a swift departure when a man with a gun crept toward them.

Newcastle Waters, the cattle station here, abounded in birds, and the young manager, who was busy with the branding, was good enough to lend me a rifle. The spoonbills were wading in couples, thrashing the water as rhythmically as mowers with scythes, but I could not get near them. The waters were very low and of the color and consistency of artichoke soup, but with a different flavor. People get used to the taste, and find pure water insipid after it. One or two of the engineering party, however, were down with some complaint that they attributed either to bathing in the 'white water' or else to drinking it. I was shown here the interesting things that can be made out of rawhide. Besides rope and hobbles, there were beds and seats of chairs neatly latticed.

We set off by buggy and a team of five, with a horseback passenger whom the mailman addressed as Stonewall Jack, and a black boy in charge of a mob of eighteen spare horses. At midday we halted at the southern end of Stuart's Plain, which is a good stretch of rising ground about sixteen miles across, and at night we camped at the Number Seven Bore, beyond the grave of Lindsay Crawford, one of a Government party who died here from exposure in 1901. There was a thunderstorm in the evening and a tiny but exhilarating shower, the first rain I had seen since leaving Adelaide.

All this country is considered good pasture, though the rainfall is so uncertain that there is always the danger of cattle dying of thirst and starvation. The Macumba district, with a rainfall of six and a half inches a year, claims that it 'does better on it' than Alice Springs does on eleven and a half inches, on account of a sort of Michaelmas daisy that grows very rapidly, making a good fodder. The average rainfall increases as one goes north, and I was told that the tropical showers of Darwin are measured by feet. But the rank growth is not of much use to cattle, and breeds a plague of tormenting flies. Also this grass fruits in a dangerous seed that can pierce the skin of man or beast like a fishhook. At the right season, however, two or three inches of rain, followed a week later by another inch, spell prosperity. It struck me as very strange that in spite of the miles of dry earth and parched trees the country does not look desolate. The words 'dead

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heart' seem to describe it truly in places and at the hottest hours of the day, but it only waits a shower to bring it to life.

Our next night was at another bore with windmill, trough, and tank, where a leakage had nurtured a patch of grass, upon which the horses crowded. The mailman, being the only regular passer-by, regulates the flow of water. A day of great heat followed, and the bulwaddy and quinine bush beside the road gave no shade at all. At MacGorery's Bore, where we made our dinner camp, the sun was so scorching that the mailman and Stonewall Jack, who both looked after my comfort in every possible way, spread a coat under the wagon, the only shady spot, and laid my place there. Farther on we saw a native grave up a tree — like an enormous bird's-nest. I took a photograph of it, but I did not need the mailman's warning not to go too near. He said that one of the terrible rites of the natives in these parts is the lighting of a fire under a corpse that has been buried in a tree, and the anointing of their bodies with the moisture that drips down, with which they rub themselves vigorously in the belief that the courage and strength and other desirable qualities of the dead will thus become their own.

About sunset the buildings of Daley Waters came in sight, and I was offered the hospitality of the telegraph station. A surveying party numbering seventeen was encamped here, giving the impression of a dense population. We made our dinner camp at Ironstone next day, and in the evening arrived at Roderick's Bore, which was like an aviary, for hundreds of little birds — finches of varied plumage — were fluttering and warbling joyously. Happily the Government has put a stop to the export of live wild birds, which was once a lucrative trade.

Next day a morning stage of twenty miles made it necessary for the horses to feed and rest in the afternoon. The stillness of the siesta was broken by the unusual sound of a car, and the engineer of the new railway-bridge over the Katherine River, and his assistant, appeared and offered to drive me on to Maranboy, one hundred and twenty miles north, where his wife was staying. So I said good-bye to the mail for four days, and a run of about an hour brought us to the Number One Bore, where we pitched camp. The place was thronged with bower birds, which were very amusing to watch, for, besides having a sense of humor, these birds also possess the artistic temperament. They make playgrounds where they disport themselves, and ornament them with colored stones, leaves, bits of tin, and shells that they sometimes bring from long distances. There is a yarn that some little nuggets in a bower bird's playground led to the discovery of a gold mine.

The hundred-mile drive from the Number One Bore to Maranboy gave me a very interesting day, even though the bush life fled and flew at the approach of the car. We passed the Warlock, where the mailman had a large camp of horses. Ibises and spoonbills were fishing in a deep water-hole among blue lilies. We came to the Old Elsey Station, with its demolished homestead and the grave of its master, Mr. Æneas Gunn, whose wife wrote a book called *We of the Never-never*, read, I think, by every person who has lived in the Northern Territory. We passed the Government Experimental Station at Mataranka, where the celebrated £3000 pumpkin was grown (but I think they can grow one more cheaply there to-day), and lunched near Bitter Springs, at a water-hole on the Roper River, in a very tropical spot, with high grass

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and pandanus trees. I put up one of the big red kangaroos peculiar to the district. Parrots of different sorts abounded all the way, and here there were flocks of beautiful crimson-wing. The afternoon's run was chiefly along the banks of the King and Roper Rivers. I had now left the parching heat behind me and reached the humidity of watered country. Happily we were spared flies, which, I was told, were really trying, and necessitated eating one's meals under nets.

We started off again with the buggy on the last two days of the long journey through the bush. Again I heard tales of travel in the 'wet.' Last Christmas the mail had been held up on the bank of an overflowing creek for five days, short of food and with no dry camping-place, the fire being lit on the top of a cairn which was built up higher and higher as the water rose. Three weeks after the first rain the grass is long enough for forage, and during the three summer months it grows to a height of sixteen feet and harbors flies.

We camped at Rockhole, a pretty spot where the water lies under a cliff and flocks of squatter pigeons come down to drink. There was another camper here on his way South from Emungalen, who sent us over a large bag of lemons, a gift that was generous as well as most refreshing, for citrous fruits have to come by sea. We made an early start, and crossed Maude's Creek and the Bullock's Head, where we saw gorgeous parrots in large flocks. Twice we met men traveling with buggies, and once a team of thirty-seven donkeys, hauling a heavy load from the railway to a remote cattle-station, a journey that they accomplish twice a year. The little animals all looked in fine condition. They had neither rein nor bridle, but responded to the voice and whip-crack of their white master and his black helper.

We met a group of natives, one of whom was known as a rain-maker. On being chaffed on the futility of his profession he told us his method. He got a bowl of clear water, put a clean white stone in it, poured some more water over it, and sat down and waited for the rain. But this time the rain had not come, and he was at a loss to account for his failure. He was now begging the mailman for a little flour and a bit of meat, for he, his little brother, and his blind friend were all very hungry. 'True,' he remarked; 'I not gammon mailman.' We saw some good trees by the wayside; Morton Bay ash, kurrajong, bloodwood, coolibah, 'snappy gum,' in demand for baking damper, and gutta-percha, whose milky juice is so dangerous that a splash in the eye will cause blindness.

In the dry country tiny stingless bees, coming in little clouds, covered our arms; and ants, black, white, yellow, red, and green, whose dwellings vary from small cuplike houses near the ground to 'beds' eighteen feet or twenty feet high, with 'meridian' tendencies, were a daily problem. The Queensland passenger proved himself an acquisition, for the five horses, which had pulled the buggy over fallen tree-trunks and up and down rocks as a matter of course, took fright at a sheet of bark lying in the road and bolted. They raced into the bush at full gallop and tore through the scrub. Happily none of them was hurt, but there was time for a good thrill before the mailman and the hefty Queenslander, each with one rein wrapped round his hands, persuaded them to return to the road again.

Old deserted gold-diggings, where fossickers had been trying their luck, flanked the road, but they had never been profitable. We followed the trend of the Maude Ranges, driving

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almost south, and it was a change to have the sun on one's back instead of dazzling one's eyes. We halted for dinner at the Five Mile Hole, where we met another traveler — the fifth in two days. Small holdings of land were being taken up on the banks of the Katherine, and the district looked prosperous and settled. There were flowering trees, Poinciana, and frangipani, and an effort was being made at orange- and banana-growing. The waters of the river were clear and beautiful, and must have been appreciated by the horses, which for many days had drunk only of the dregs of water-holes and billabongs.

We stopped at the post office with the mails, and the postmaster handed me telegrams and gave me tea on his cool veranda. His wife asked me to stay with her until 'train-day,' which, owing to the increase of traffic caused by the bridge works, was now once a week, instead of fortnightly. So I said farewell to the mailman and Stonewall Jack, — trusty friends of the road, — and after two pleasant days in her comfortable house, built on piles with 'stump-caps' to check the depredations of the white ants, I took the train for Darwin.

The socialistic tendencies of the Northern Territory were brought home to me when I heard that the 198-mile journey from Emungalen to the coast was not accomplished in one day. At the Edith River and the Ferguson white men were working on the railway, and I was surprised in such a climate to see a white stoker on the engine of the train. Passengers were set down to spend the night at Pine Creek, a flourishing little township with a hospital and hotel. The proprietress of the hotel had lived in the bush in days before the natives had become reconciled to the presence of white men, and as soon as the third sitting at dinner was over — for surveyors, prospectors, and railway men on their way to Darwin for the monthly ship caused a good deal of congestion — she came and chatted to me of her very interesting experience among the 'blacks.'

An early start was made, and the train meandered on its way through varying country: the bareness of the Union Mine Siding, Boomalera, Burrundie, Brock's Creek, and the trickle of water at the Adelaide River; Rum Jungle, so called from the amount of rum sold to thirsty fossickers, through straight-stemmed bush, clumps of pandanus trees, and bamboo. There was very little attempt at cultivation, but in one place we were able to buy melons from a garden. Occasionally we saw a water-hole belonging to a cattle station, and then came gradually past infrequent gray roofs to clusters of buildings, and flowering trees not indigenous to the country, until, as we neared the outskirts of Darwin, a gap in the landscape gave me my first view of the sea, — a stretch of blue dancing water under the hot milky-white sky, — and I realized that the life of wide spaces, open sky, patriarchal simplicity, and all that the word 'bush' had meant to me, were things of the past, and the journey was over.

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TRADE-UNIONISM IN CHINA[1]

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

In China there is no class struggle. There are no classes. There are no huge fortunes, except the recent political fortunes, which are seldom devoted to industry and which tend to dissipate themselves in politics. There is no abject poverty, except among the beggar class, which is professionally poor. The vast majority of the people are farmers, who hold their land in an age-long communism, the community being the family, a unit of society which may consist of thousands of human beings all bearing an identical surname and descending from the same ancestor. These people till their soil and are more or less contented according to the condition of the crops. When the crops are poor and there is a surplus population in the village, in the North the surplus men become bandits or soldiers; in the South they migrate to other provinces or emigrate to other countries. Those who migrate to other provinces become either itinerant or industrialized laborers. In Shanghai, for instance, there are four hundred thousand Ningpo men and one hundred and sixty thousand Cantonese, besides Swatow men, most of whom are industrialized laborers.

In interior cities the handicraft-guild system still obtains. An employer has a small shop where he manufactures certain articles in a small way. These articles he sells in the same shop in which they are made. His wife and son and daughter work with him. The capital invested is small and is entirely his own, except perhaps that occasionally he may be forced to borrow at a native bank, at high rates of interest; but such borrowing is avoided as far as possible, as is all banking. He may have from one to a dozen or so apprentices. These apprentices may pay him for learning the trade; they may work for food and lodging; or they may receive food, lodging, and a salary. If the business is prosperous, there may be a journeyman, whose salary is small, but who receives a bonus at the end of the year which is, in effect, a profit-sharing device. When the journeyman has saved a little capital he opens a shop in the same industry, with the good wishes of his former employer. The latter may even help him on the way.

All relationships are determined by the traditions and rules of the guild to which master and journeyman belong. The duration of apprenticeship and the responsibilities of the master are as fixed as the poles. Differences are not brought before courts of law but before the guild, which arbitrates on all matters and whose decisions are final. One explanation for the lack of legal development and the almost complete absence of a legal profession in China was that they were needless. The guilds are the law and each guild enforces the law governing its particular trade and members. An official of the Government rarely interfered with the guilds, and if he did he usually found that his official career in that place was of short duration, for the

[1] From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), *August* 4

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guilds either by boycott or memorialization got rid of him.

Primitive as this economic system may appear, it still exists throughout the interior, and to a more limited extent in such metropolitan centres as Shanghai, Tientsin, and Hankow, where Western industrial methods have begun to make their impress.

The Western factory was brought to China at first in the form of a cotton mill, and later in all fields of industry. The factories, therefore, concentrate in the foreign settlements or their vicinity. Conditions of labor in the factories as to hours, sanitation, light, and wages are superior to anything under the handicraft system. In the Japanese cotton mills and the British tobacco factories the employers have been in advance of the laborers' demands in making improvements. Within recent years foreign employers have opposed child labor, while the Chinese employers have resented such opposition and have sought subterfuges to prevent a child-labor by-law from being enacted in the International Settlement. The laborers have in the past been slow to unionize, preferring to work through shop committees which dealt with employers when the occasion arose.

Alongside this system continued the handicraft factory, the commodity guild, the nativity guild, and a combination of ancient and modern forms of industry — the factory in transition. When labor-unions began to be organized about five years ago they found that it was impossible to destroy the old, for with membership in the guild went certain social benefits which even the poorest of laborers would not relinquish. In the commodity guild or labor-union the factory laborer might not meet the Chinese manager or owner of the mill, but in his native guild he did. He also met the comprador of the foreign factory. Here all men are equal, for there is no aristocracy of family in China, only an aristocracy of age and public position. Here questions arose which affected the men of a particular community, brothers, uncles, cousins. How could a new capitalist assert that for money he would oppose the wishes of the men of his own native province? How could he withstand the social pressure of his own relations in a country where family is everything? The fact then became apparent to students of social and economic conditions that in a labor trouble in a modern mill Chinese capital never really opposed Chinese labor, but rather sought the cheapest, most expedient, and least unpleasant way out.

In the foreign-owned mill the situation is quite different. None of the social relationships above described holds there, except through the comprador, who is regarded somewhat askance as a 'foreign slave.' The workers feel that in fighting the foreign owner they are helping native industry and at the same time bettering their own condition. They are also limiting the profits of the foreigners, who are 'enemies of the country' from their standpoint. Foreigners often ask: 'Why should the Chinese take such an attitude when conditions and wages in foreign mills are so superior to those in Chinese mills? Why should they be opposed to the foreigners who have given them fine cities for their filthy villages, who prolong their life by sanitation, who enrich them by bringing industry to them?'

These questions are really unanswerable, except from one standpoint — namely, that with modern industry and Christianity the foreigner also brought nationalism to China. He has brought a nationalism that verges on chauvinism; he has brought the French hatred of Germany, the Anglo-Ameri-

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can family snobbishness, the white man's dislike and distrust for the Japanese; he has brought each nation's insistence on infallibility — my country right or wrong; and these concepts have percolated through to the working class, which lives in cities close to foreigners, which reads a press full of foreign news and foreigners' criticism of foreigners, and which has come to have a Fichte-like conception of China — 'China is really the superior nation, but is oppressed by force of circumstance from which it must free itself by intensified nationalism and hatred for all others.'

This conception of China is as false to the gentle character of the Chinese people as Boxerism. It is as un-Chinese as a *filet mignon*. It is foreign, but not more foreign than the factory system and the communal singing of hymns. What will survive of the foreigner's bequest to China it is too early to say now. We can only record what is taking place.

The organization of labor-unions, then, was altogether successful in the foreign-owned mills in Shanghai, largely on nationalist principles. The organizers invariably utilized the nationalist issue in any labor difficulty between foreign owners and managers and Chinese employees. For instance, it has been for years an admitted fact that the best labor-conditions in Shanghai are in the Naiga Wata Kaisha Cotton Mills. The manager of these mills, Mr. Okada, not only introduced the most modern methods, but provided a social-service and an educational system for his employees, the equal of which does not exist elsewhere in China. It was, therefore, to be expected that the laborers would feel grateful to him for his services. His work has never been impersonal and he has looked after the welfare of the workers' families, providing schools for the young and a loan office to prevent the workers and their families from being fleeced by money-sharks. Yet when disciplinary action was taken against certain workers a strike was called, and it was easy to take the workers out of that mill because it was a Japanese-owned mill. In a nationalistic issue the workers were ready to overlook all the tangible good they received at the hands of Mr. Okada for the intangible and hypothetical evil of Japan's policy in China.

From this statement it would appear that all Chinese are antiforeign, but that is too general and vague a definition of China's political outlook, particularly among the laboring classes. It is not that they are antiforeign, but that their relations with foreigners are different from their relations with other Chinese, and that they do not feel the same moral obligations toward foreigners that they feel toward Chinese. A laborer will suffer injustice and indignities at the hands of Chinese employers a tenth of which would start trouble in a foreign factory. The psychologist would probably call this a reaction of an inferiority complex. Chinese fancy that foreigners look down upon them, regard them as inferior, are laughing at them, treat them like children, and that they must, to maintain national dignity and personal self-respect, resent everything that the foreigner does. They do not reason out the matter or think out possible consequences. There is simply a momentary response in anger and bitterness.

The first political party to perceive this was, naturally, the Kuomingtang, or Sun Yat-sen's Communist organization. Its members learned the full strength of the bitterness of the laboring classes in the Hongkong Seamen's Strike of 1923, when they found that they could organize labor into a self-

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sacrificing strike and boycott against foreigners on a nationalistic issue even when there was no justice on the Chinese side of the case. After the Hongkong strike, labor-unions, largely under Kuomingtang leadership, were organized in other industries. The unions were syndicalistic, and for a long time it was difficult to get the workers to join. But the labor organizers were clever in their methods. Instead of working with old and trusted employees, they everywhere picked out a new man, young and ardent, who could afford to risk his job.

For instance, the vice-president of the Printers' Union has been a linotype worker for only a year and a half, as compared with the twenty or thirty years of service of the older men in the printing industry. The most active man in the Wharf Coolies' Union was a water rat who could never get a job because of his thieving proclivities. The head of all the labor-unions in Shanghai was unknown in the city until May 30, and it is still difficult to find out what his career was before. These men were so handled that in every factory and shop there was one organizer who could be depended upon and who only waited for his instructions to start. The propaganda on May 30, May 31, and June 1 was not based upon conditions of labor, but was, in effect, that the Japanese and the British were murdering Chinese and that the workingmen must rise to protect the Chinese people. On that issue the workers went out, expecting that within a week or two weeks an indemnity would be paid to those who were shot, that some foreigner would be punished, and that the matter would be over. Such a result, however, was, in the circumstances, impossible, for even had the foreigners acceded to all of the Thirteen Demands, the labor-unions would not have permitted a return to work, because their organizers saw their opportunity to utilize the current situation to unionize all labor in Shanghai, and, having adequate funds and an excellent nucleus, they determined to keep on until they had formed one big union of all laborers in this city.

Were China the same as any other country, the Chinese employers of labor would have realized that the organization of one big union was as detrimental to their interests as it was to those of foreign employers; that, in effect, the success of this movement would place the control of mills and factories in the hands of shop committees controlled by syndicalistic unions so organized as to make resistance difficult, because a strike in one industry might at any time result in a strike in all industries, including the vital ones. Being Chinese, however, the employers could not resist the demands on the part of the employees for assistance. The reason for this peculiar situation has already been explained in the interrelationship in the guild, but a still further reason was that the employees were not striking because of economic conditions, but to serve their country. How then could any patriotic Chinese employer prevent the workers from saving the country without himself becoming a traitor?

The logical result of such an attitude was that the men who will eventually suffer most from the particular form of unionization that is occurring in China are the men who have financed the present strike. These men have not only contributed large sums of money to the strikers' fund, but they have been forced to pay their own employees when they were unable to work because the electric power had been shut off, and have had to pay a tax imposed by the union for the delivery of goods from warehouses.

Not only have Chinese employers

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contributed to the strike fund, but the Chinese Government has subsidized it very heavily. The Government's motives were entirely political, for, as long as the strike and disturbance lasted, it could continue in office, as no one else would care to take hold of such a mess. Other sordid motives were behind many subscriptions to the fund. For example, Chinese tobacco companies regarded it as their opportunity to destroy the business of their foreign competitors. Chinese shipping companies had the same idea. Chinese printers saw a chance for profit. Although these sordid interests caused huge sums to be subscribed, on the whole contributions were made on a basis of patriotism and without regard to the self-interest of employers vis-à-vis workers. The active advisers of the labor-union were members of the Chamber of Commerce who are interested in large industrial enterprises and who next year or the year after may have their difficulty with the very union they helped to organize and sustain in the present crisis.

The position of the union would have been impregnable were it not that the labor leaders followed the line of least resistance, even as it has been followed by Peking officials and tuchuns throughout the country. Although the total amount collected for the strike has been variously reported to have reached from five hundred thousand to a million silver dollars, there has been no record of moneys received and paid out, and there are apparently no vouchers for these sums.

This matter of bookkeeping is, after all, characteristic of the fiscal system of Chinese officialdom. The public and private purses of a tuchun are identical, and no Provincial Assembly has ever succeeded in divorcing them. The labor leaders, therefore, have not been exceptional in their handling of public funds. The workers, on the other hand, regard themselves as having been badly treated, and the breaking of the strike at this moment is not due to any improvement of the international situation or lessening in the power of the union, but to resentment at corruption in the union. Whether this resentment will become sufficiently strong to destroy the power of the union it is too early to say, but those workers who are now returning to employment are doing so largely because of this condition.

The future of labor in China is not a promising one. The workers on the whole are not very efficient, the physique of the rice-, cabbage-, and fish-eating Chinese of the lower Yangtze Valley and Southern China opposing little resistance to fatigue. Chinese-owned industries of the modern type are generally insufficiently capitalized to assure continuity during years of financial depression. The management and organization of Chinese-owned mills is, on the whole, inadequate, the Chinese learning by direct experience rather than by examples elsewhere. The best interests of labor are served by the continuance of foreign-owned mills in the country, but the political difficulties of China tend to drive foreign capital from the country, with the result that the laborers will find themselves out of work. The utilization of labor-unions for purely political activity will, sooner or later, bring them into conflict with the Chinese Government as well as with the foreign Governments. The syndicalistic ideas of Chinese labor serve to keep industry in chaos and make it possible for politicians, rather than bona fide workers, to lead the movement.

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A MEXICAN DANCE OF THE DEAD[1]

BY EUGENIO DE BÁNÓ

[THE author is a former member of the Mexican Consular Service.]

IN the neighborhood of my plantation in the State of Oaxaca the Indians belong to the Mistec and the Zapotec tribes. Each tribe has its own language. In fact, it sometimes happens that the occupants of adjoining houses in the same village cannot understand each other. Consequently I, who did not know a syllable of the native tongues, found myself at first almost helpless in dealing with them. Fortunately, however, a few men in each village had a smattering of Spanish. They served as my interpreters.

Nominally these Indians are Roman Catholics, but actually they are still followers of their ancestral pagan faith. Among the survivals of their ancient worship is the Dance of the Dead. They call it, to be sure, a fandango, but improperly, for this ceremony has nothing in common with the Spanish national dance of that name.

One day when I chanced to be passing through the village of Huatulco, where I had a few laborers, I heard a sound of doleful chanting accompanied by instrumental music in one of the Indian cabins. I checked my horse and asked an Indian what the fiesta was. To my surprise he told me that the child of a ranchero had died and that the neighbors were dancing a fandango to assist the soul of the departed on its way to Heaven.

The celebrants, learning of my presence, came out and invited me with many humble bows to enter. As it would have been considered an insult had I refused the invitation, I thanked them and joined the weeping merry-makers, if I may so describe them. The corpse of the child was laid out in the middle of the hut, on a tiny bier buried in wreaths of flowers. Around it was a clear space for the dancing, while the guests stood lined closely against the walls. The musicians played a few melancholy chords upon their guitars, whereupon a strapping young Indian boy and a slender, picturesquely garbed Indian girl appeared in the open space. The musicians began to play in slow rhythm an accompaniment to a melancholy chant that imitated the weeping of a child.

Then the young Indian couple began to dance the 'fandango.' At first I felt a little embarrassed at intruding on the party, but I soon forgot that in my admiration of the artistic dancing of the young Indian girl. The grace and rhythm of her movements, the demure, barely perceptible coquetry in her eyes, the decorum and restraint of her motions plus a touch of native wildness, lent a charm and fascination to her dancing that I have never seen equaled upon the European stage. The slow rhythm of the steps and gestures and the dirgelike wailing of the music powerfully affected the spectators, and I caught even myself secretly wiping away a tear.

The dead child's father, with weeping eyes, served me and the other guests small glasses of crude rum, or *tepache*.

[1] From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *August* 1

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Everyone must drink to the happiness of the little one's soul. The mother, with her eyes lifted to Heaven, knelt beside the bier as motionless as marble, wrapped in silent prayer.

Such a Death Dance begins at sunset on the day the person dies, and ends with the first rays of dawn. It is the belief of the Indians that this is the time taken for the soul to reach Heaven. And they believe that its journey thither is rendered easier and shorter by the accompaniment of music and dancing.

I learned later that these ceremonies are usually omitted when adults die, for the Indians doubt if their souls ever get to Heaven. Nevertheless they drink the health of the deceased — and so immoderately that they not infrequently quarrel and a knife-thrust sends a new victim to accompany him. Indians kill only when they are intoxicated or to avenge a wrong. They never murder a person for money. They are not bigoted in their beliefs, though they possess a certain piety. They do not believe in the saints of the calendar, but revere local village deities in the guise of popular saints. Their faith in a Hell and a Heaven, however, is absolute.

The Indians respect and fear white men because they think the latter have closer relations with God than they do. In some remote districts where the Indians have practically never seen white men they still regard them as demigods and believe they live forever. In the vicinity of my plantation the Indians seldom trouble to celebrate a marriage with either a church or a civil ceremony. They simply live together as man and wife, for the most part happily. They attach no importance to the blessing of the priest, who in their opinion charges altogether too much for his services. Now that civil marriage is recognized throughout the Republic, and can be concluded before any village magistrate or notary, the latter ceremony has grown more common.

When I first started my plantation, the Indian women and girls would either run away as soon as they saw me coming or, if there was not time for that, would turn their backs to me and wait in that attitude until I had passed by. They have a superstition that the glance of a white man may bewitch or otherwise harm them. Later they lost much of this fear, as they became somewhat acquainted with me personally, and were glad to accept a cigar or a little tobacco from me — for they are passionate smokers.

An Indian girl is a mature woman when eleven years old, and a boy is a man when fifteen or sixteen years old. These are the ages at which they marry. But people who mature so early age and die early. I have rarely seen an old Indian, and have never seen a fat one. The only food of the Indians in my vicinity was fruit, *tortillas* made of boiled maize crushed with a stone roller on a square flat stone and baked like a pancake, and *chili-moli*, which is the pulp of tomatoes cooked with paprika. Indians are very fond of meat, but seldom get it.

A full-blooded Indian worships music, and his ear for harmony is as good as that of an Hungarian gypsy. There is not a small town, or indeed large village, in the Indian districts of Mexico that does not have a fairly good band with an Indian leader. My laborers listen to the melancholy notes of my flute as long as I can be persuaded to play for them. They flock around me in a circle as if fascinated by the plaintive music, which goes directly to their hearts. It is this worship of music, I think, that makes them associate it with all their native ceremonies, as in case of the Dance of the Dead.

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WHAT THE TYPEWRITER NEEDED[1]

BY M. LYSTER

WHEN Jane Dunne gave up her post as secretary to the celebrated authoress, Mrs. Isabel Ford, she established herself with her typewriter, a table, a chair, and a cupboard in Number 10 Martin Street. There was such a demand for space that she had a hard fight to secure this corner of an office near the window at the top of the five-storied house at twelve pounds a year.

She established herself in the dual capacity of typist and authoress. She advertised in the newspapers, on the one hand, as a person who typed from dictation and from manuscripts at one shilling and sixpence a thousand words, carbon copies ninepence (unreadable manuscript a speciality), literary, legal, and scientific work, and on the other as a person who could supply the cinemas with plays for their screens, the magazines with stories, and the general public with occasional poems for marriages, christenings, golden and silver weddings, and deaths.

Advertising in the first capacity she gave her own name, and in the second she assumed the nom de plume of Vera Verity.

The first offer she received was for typing, and it was at a price that exceeded the figure she had quoted herself. But the acceptance of it was not altogether simple. She was called to the house of a scientist living outside town to take the contents of a short book daily in dictation. Before she could present herself there she required new shoes and a new pair of gloves. She felt that in her present shoes no one would trust her to do proper spacing or punctuation.

But all the money she had was predestined to paying for part of the table she worked on, or part of the cupboard, part of the chair, or the rent. She reviewed everything in her possession, and everything she had was either too worthless for others to take or too precious for her to part with. She might as well, she said to herself, lose her livelihood, her typewriter. Once again she looked round the office: table, cupboard, chair, chair, cupboard, table. That was all there was, and there was nothing to be got out of them.

Then came a pregnant thought. Why not raise money on her typewriter with Mr. John Cox who had sold it to her? She would not be wanting it at the scientist's, as he was to supply everything at the house.

She delicately propounded her scheme to Mr. Cox, who replied with incision although his eyes were dreamy: —

'You want me to lend you the money?'

'Yes,' said Jane.

'How much do you want?'

'Five pounds,' said Jane.

'I'll give you six,' said John Cox. 'If you don't pay me, I'll keep the typewriter.'

When Miss Dunne returned at the end of the week from having taken twenty-five chapters in dictation on the sugar in a rabbit's blood, she claimed her typewriter. But now she was in an equally difficult position, for

[1] From the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin Independent weekly), *May* 30

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the ten guineas she had received from the scientist were all mortgaged to different creditors. She could pay only four pounds to Mr. Cox. But he agreed to let her have the machine if she gave him an I.O.U. for the remainder.

Somehow this first great sweep seemed to be all the luck she was to have. For three whole weeks she sat in her office and no one wanted a line typed or composed. No one wanted anything whatever from Jane Dunne or Vera Verity. Her friends were doing their duty telling people about her, and they were telling her that she must advertise and wait. That was the beginning, they said, of every business, to advertise and to wait.

Four times a week she told the public that an educated young woman called Jane Dunne would type manuscripts at one shilling and sixpence a thousand, carbon copies ninepence (unreadable manuscripts a speciality), and once a week she told them that Miss Vera Verity would supply the cinemas with plays, the magazines with stories, and those who were being born, buried, and wed with poetry suitable to the occasion.

But they did n't want poetry, — no matter what they were doing, — and they did n't want typing.

She had seen enough of heartbroken authors coming to solicit the influence of Mrs. Ford not to put her trust in literature, but typing — typing . . . The world surely wanted machinery, wanted business, wanted typing. Yet nothing happened.

As she had much time to spare, she had made several prose sketches, and at last she reopened her neglected typewriter to type them. But it seemed to be in the general conspiracy against her. The spacing was no longer to be relied on, the margin-regulator did not work, the bell had given up ringing, and altogether the machine had a queer lagging way with it. Once indeed, as if it had a malicious will of its own, it cut an obituary poem in two. When this happened she thought of Mr. Cox, but she had no two pounds for him, and could not face him.

Watching idly from the window one day, she noticed that someone was moving into the house. It was the office underneath that was to be occupied. It had been taken long ago by a man who was to come from the country, so she had heard. Five days after the office had become occupied she received a letter. Across the top of the envelope was printed '*The Western Turret*, 10 Martin Street,' and inside there was a letter asking her if she could do a little work for the editor of this paper, a certain Christopher Lane. So as to begin work immediately, she called at the office that afternoon.

The office of Mr. Lane had a tumultuous and scattered appearance, and he was engaged in searching it. As soon as he saw her he stopped and began to explain. He had only just come to Dublin. He had been working on a paper in the West. He was starting the *Western Turret* with a friend. The friend was engaged on the advertising portion. His secretary had fallen ill. Unfortunately her typewriter was locked, and he was searching for the key of it at that moment. The first number was announced for the end of the week. This was Wednesday and, though all the material was ready, no editing had been done. Having said this he returned to search once more for the key of the typewriter with the greatest concern.

'I,' said Jane Dunne, observing him, 'have a typewriter upstairs. It has not been working very well lately, but I will fetch it down.'

She felt that to explain the case of the typewriter might, even under the circumstances, spoil her chances.

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When she returned with it, a new crisis seemed to have arisen, for Christopher Lane was speaking with agitation through the telephone.

'I must go out,' he said to her as he put down the receiver. 'I'm afraid the political article is off.'

Thus Jane was abandoned in the office of the *Western Turret* with no instructions as to what she was to do. She endeavored to tidy the papers that were scattered everywhere on the tables, desks, and floor, but her work was in vain, for the gust of wind that came through the broken window continued to work havoc with them again. After two hours' waiting she went upstairs, leaving word where she was to be found with the charwoman who had just arrived.

Early next morning she found a note marked 'Urgent' in her office. It was addressed to Miss Vera Verity. 'Can you do Woman's Page?' it ran. 'Please reply to *Western Turret*.'

This was a matter with which Jane was not going to deal immediately. It might be difficult for Christopher Lane to recognize her dual personality. The business man in him might suspect the typist of being too artistic, and the writer in him might suspect the authoress of being too commercial.

When he came in an hour later he was so much oppressed and in such confusion of mind that he could not listen to the messages from the caretaker. He called for Miss Dunne immediately, and then began to examine her typewriter.

'There is a screw missing in it,' he said. 'I am going out to get one.'

'By the way,' he called out as he disappeared, 'I have asked Miss Verity upstairs to do the Woman's Page. The lady who was to do it has disappointed. She is a friend of the man who wrote the political article, and she has strong political tendencies herself. His work could not go in as it was, and he would not alter it. She refused to have anything to do with a paper that so compromised its principles and would not stand for freedom and independence of thought. She has left some cookery recipes behind, so that may be a help.'

Although Christopher Lane scoured every shop in Dublin for a screw, he could not find the right one. Oh, he was the greatest fool in Europe, with a secretary ill, a typewriter locked with the key lost, a political article that could not go in, and a Woman's Page that had let him down. At least the short story remained to him, and the writer of it had once got a prize.

It was nearly luncheon hour when he got back to the office. What a cold, dark day it was! One could hardly see by the light that crept in through the windows of the *Western Turret*. It was a winter's day all wet and sighing under the sky, unredeemed by that white glory of snow that makes winter smile in her calm radiance at the colored days and the troubled leaves of summer.

Jane had brought cups and tea and jam and bread and butter from her cupboard upstairs, and Christopher struck a match to light the fire. A red flame smouldered through the jagged sticks and paper, and the coal, which had a sullen gleam of its own, died when the red embraced it. As Jane watched it in her anxiety to boil the kettle, the edge of a burning paper caught her eye, the title-page of a story. She pulled it out to let in air, and another leaf came with it. She began to read, and she could see, though there were only a few lines, that the writing was good. The author's name was Daniel Scott — surely a good short-story writer.

Turning from the fire, she observed that Christopher Lane was once more absorbed in an uneasy search.

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'We are going to have lunch now,' she said. 'Won't you sit down?'

'I am looking for the short story and the poem,' said he.

'Is the short story,' said Jane, suddenly feeling cold air come from the very fire, 'by Daniel Scott?'

'Yes. How splendid that you have found it.'

'It lit the fire,' said Jane, recoiling herself under the blow she gave.

But Christopher Lane, all action and concentration, rang the bell.

'Did you,' he said to the caretaker, with red lights of battle between his brows, 'set the fire with papers you found here?'

'I did not set the fire,' said the caretaker, 'but the charwoman who was here yesterday set it. I never touch written pieces.'

And with red signals flashing to answer his, she left.

Christopher Lane sank into a chair.

'*Western Turret*,' he moaned; '*Western Turret* — to be out by the end of the week — no typewriter — no political article — no Woman's Page — no short story — no poem — nothing but editorial notes.'

For them Jane Dunne feared, too.

'Where are they?' she said.

'In my head,' sighed Christopher Lane.

'Thank God for that,' said Jane.

Jane Dunne was a good girl, a kind girl. She made tea for Christopher Lane and spread jam on his bread and butter, and then she said that at least the typewriter difficulty could be mended, for she knew a place where he could get a screw.

So after lunch she unfolded the tale of John Cox, and explained the lanes and side streets he would have to traverse to reach his office — for the *Western Turret* was complicated by the fact that the editor came from the West.

'I am looking,' said Christopher Lane to John Cox, on arriving at the office, 'for a screw.'

He explained at length, but John Cox seemed not to understand. So Christopher made a drawing of the section of the typewriter where the screw should be.

John Cox looked with the eyes of a seer before him. Out of a visionary past he spoke, and yet with an edge of reality that cut keen.

'We have,' he said, 'a customer called Miss Dunne.' He was twisting as he spoke a small object in his hand. 'She left her machine here, and we took out a screw, just like that screw, for a customer. But I believe you are from the West,' he said cordially. 'I am only back from Galway.'

He dropped the small object from his hand.

'Have you,' said Christopher Lane, 'another screw like that you took from the machine?'

'Oh, no,' said Cox negligently, 'not another like that. No — ' and he turned to answer the telephone.

'Good afternoon,' said Christopher, taking the small object from the table.

Flying through the town as if he bore the hidden treasure of a palace with him, he reached 10 Martin Street, and fitted the screw marvelously and surely to Miss Dunne's machine.

Now they had a typewriter; but where was all the rest to come from?

He glanced about the bare office of the *Western Turret*. Again and again they looked. Then they looked out into the street. There was a world out there full of everything but help. Obviously there was no one to help them but themselves. Christopher Lane was faltering, but Jane stepped in with high and new-born courage.

'My pseudonym,' she said, 'is Vera Verity. I will do the Woman's Page. You will do the political article. The

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editorial notes you have. I can do all the typing. If we can't manage a poem between us, the caretaker's husband once got ten and sixpence for a poem in a Sunday paper, and we 'll pay him that for another.'

'But,' said Christopher, at once credulous and incredulous, admiring and doubting, 'the short story, the well-written story, the story of a prize short-story writer, what shall I do for that? Where shall I find another like that, in the one day that is left, or ever, ever again?'

'You won't find another like it,' said Jane Dunne.

'Then,' said the editor, climbing down rapidly to despair, 'where shall I find any short story?'

'If any short story will do,' said Jane, 'we have the story — the story of the screw of this typewriter.'

Christopher raised his head.

'It's an idea,' he said. 'Who would have thought that there was a story in the screw! But, by Jove, there is a story — it has a story. And let's settle this: if we can get the paper out by Saturday we must continue with you as assistant editor. I can easily arrange with the landlord to extend our premises to the next floor.'

HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE NORTH POLE [1]

BY CHARLES NORDMANN

ASIDE from the purely geographic questions that it raises, the North Pole suggests a number of extremely curious problems in astronomy and in the physical properties of our own globe, some of which I wish to sketch in this article. The occasion is the more opportune since Amundsen's recent exploit has drawn all our eyes — by which I mean our minds' eyes — toward the mysterious northern summit of our planet.

One often hears the question: How can polar explorers tell where they are, and how far they are from the pole? Contrary to an opinion which is rather widely spread, there is no special sign at the North Pole or in its vicinity, or any characteristic landmark that enables it to be recognized. There was a time, not very long since, when many people believed that the axis of the earth was a real object stuck through the globe somewhat as a spit is stuck through a chicken whirling before the flame, and the strange appearance that the earth must have at the point where this 'big axis' penetrated it has set many an imagination to work. One even finds traces of the notion in Cyrano de Bergerac. But nowadays everyone understands that the earth's axis is nothing but an immaterial — and in a certain sense ideal — line; and people know that the North Pole is not marked out by any topographical peculiarity.

Then how are we to recognize it? The compass is an obvious suggestion; but unfortunately the magnetic pole, toward which the compass points, does not in the least coincide with the pole around which the earth revolves, being separated from it by more than two

[1] From *Illustration* (Illustrated literary weekly), *July* 18

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thousand kilometres and located somewhere to the north of the American continent. Moreover, the direction of the compass needle undergoes continual changes which are even more marked in the region of the pole than in our own, and which are sufficient to make that instrument wholly useless for finding one's position in the Arctic with any precision.

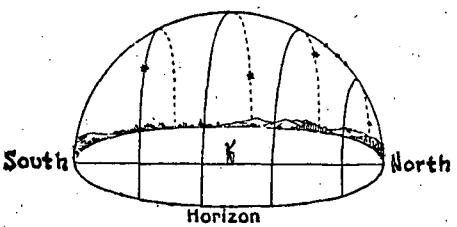
The polar explorer might also consider finding his position by measurements — that is to say, by starting from a known point on the map and by measuring accurately the distance that he has covered and the direction that he took. Such a method could be employed at the South Pole, — although it was not employed either by Amundsen or by Scott, nor by their competitors, — since the South Pole is located on a continent; but this is impossible at the North Pole, since there no fixed landmark exists, the floe-ice and icebergs on the Arctic Ocean being in a state of continual displacement. There remains then no means of finding one's position and direction in the region around the North Pole, except one. That is the means which served the Three Wise Men when they marched toward the pole of a new faith at Bethlehem — the observation of the stars.

Our earth is theoretically divided by great circles called meridians, which join at the two poles somewhat like the circles dividing an orange or a tangerine into sections — only the circumference of each of these meridians is forty thousand kilometres. It was agreed at the Metric Convention that a metre should equal the ten-millionth part of a quarter-meridian.

A line one fourth of the way round the earth — that is, the fourth of a meridian circle — runs from a point on the equator to the pole, and is conventionally subdivided into ninety degrees of latitude. Each of these degrees, then, amounts to a little less than 111 kilometres. In reality, however, because of the flattening of the earth, which brings the North Pole twenty-two kilometres nearer to the centre of the globe than the equator is, the length of a degree differs a little according to the latitude. It is 111 kilometres, 700 metres, at the pole; 110 kilometres, 560 metres, at the equator; 111 kilometres, 230 metres, on the parallel of Paris. But these are trifling differences of which in the following paragraphs we need take no account. It will be enough if we regard the earth as being approximately a sphere.

Everybody knows — it is the kind of thing that every schoolboy is taught — that as the result of the rotation of the earth the stars seem to describe daily circles above the horizon of any particular place. These circles are parallel to each other and grow smaller according to whether the star is near or far from the point where the axis of the earth, prolonged in our thought, encounters the starry arch of heaven. This point is called the 'celestial pole,' and the two celestial poles lie on a straight line with the two poles of the earth. Thus the North Star, which among all the bright stars is the one closest to the celestial pole, describes an extremely small daily circle, and to the naked eye does not seem to undergo any change of place from hour to hour or from day to day.

It follows clearly from what we have already said that circles described by



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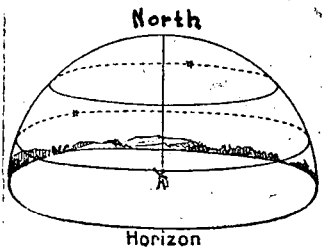
the stars in their daily movement — the word as we use it here includes the night — are vertical circles for an observer standing on the equator, like the chart on the preceding page, and are, on the other hand, horizontal circles if he happens to be standing on the pole, like this: —



For the observer on the pole itself each star will seem to rest in its own plane indefinitely and to swing forever at the same height above the horizon.

Now it is easy to understand how the latitude of a place can be found by means of the stars. That is true because the latitude of any place is equal to the angle of the height of the celestial pole above the horizon there.

And how can we find the height of the celestial pole above a place? Very simply. Since all the stars are, and remain, at the same distance from the celestial pole, all we have to do is to observe any particular star at the moment when it is passing the highest point of its course — that is, at the meridian. Suppose, for example, that the star we have observed is Alpha in the Dipper, whose angular distance from the celestial pole is given in the Almanac as 27° 45′ 47″. Suppose I have also found that Alpha of the Dipper, when it is in culmination, — that is, at the highest point of its course, — is exactly 87° 55′ 57″ above my horizon. I can immediately calculate that the height of the pole — that is, my latitude — is equal to 87° 55′ 57″ minus 27° 45′ 47″; in other words, that I am at latitude 60° 10′ 10″.

In principle, one can determine latitude without any special instrument if one uses the sun as the star observed and observes its meridian height by means of the shadow cast by a vertical object whose height is known. That was the way the ancients operated. Their obelisks were nothing more or less than gnomons which they observed. The sun is in culmination when the shadow that it throws is shortest. Its elevation above the horizon follows immediately from the relative length of the shadow which it throws and the height of the gnomon we happen to be using. In our day more precise and less cumbersome apparatus has been substituted for the gnomon.

The precision with which one determines the latitude naturally increases with the precision of the instruments used. On a polar expedition these are necessarily rather small, and consequently not very accurate. In his previous expedition, as in his last one, Amundsen used a sextant. This is an instrument which permits us to measure the angular distance of two separate stars. Unfortunately, in Amundsen's case the only star that he could observe was the sun, since the polar day of six months begins before the twentieth of April and the expedition of which we are speaking took place in May. Peary and most of the other explorers were in the same predicament because they planned to reach their starting-places when the great night of the Arctic was over and the cold was not so bitter.

Since the sun is the only visible star, the polar explorer arranges to see it twice by means of a horizontal mirror made with the aid of a mercury bath, thus measuring in his sextant the angle that separates the sun itself from its

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image in the horizontal mirror, half this angle giving him exactly the height of the sun above the horizon. If one knows each day the angle that separates the sun from the celestial pole, a simple subtraction gives the desired latitude.

Under these conditions it is easy to understand why Amundsen was never able to make out his latitude so long as his plane was flying. He himself says: 'We decided to come down in order to establish our position, which we were unable to do while in the air under the peculiar conditions of navigation so close to the pole.' The only reason why Amundsen's hydroplanes made their landing was in order to find their position with exactness. In an airplane the installation of a mercury bath or any other horizontal mirror suited to observations is wholly out of the question because of the rolling, the pitching, and the vibration of the motor.

The precision of the angular measurements made with a polar sextant is about 1′, the sixtieth part of a degree. This is the limit of the exactness with which this instrument will give latitudes, and corresponds to a possible error of about 1800 metres on the ground. That is the maximum precision with which Amundsen could make out his position, and was about the same as the precision with which he established the position of the South Pole. In fact, the spot on which Amundsen planted the Norwegian flag at what he believed to be *Polsheim*, or the South Pole, was about 2700 metres from the pole itself, according to the subsequent calculation of his observations. According to observations made by Scott when he arrived on the scene, Amundsen's Polsheim was about 900 metres off the pole. The size of the error is in accord with the low accuracy that one might have expected. We shall presently see that the instruments of the great observatories, though they are far from perfect, enable us to determine the exact position of the pole with accuracy. But we must not anticipate our story. We must pause to note that the precision of the sextant is by no means to be despised. The angle of 1′ is extremely small. It is, in fact, the angle with which one would see at a distance of 3600 metres two lamps placed only one metre apart, and it is the angle which would be subtended at a distance of fifty metres by the diameter of a cherry.

It was not strictly truthful to say, as we have just said, that the stars maintain unchangeable positions with regard to the celestial pole. Let us suppose that observers determined the latitude of the same place by means of the same stars, with a few centuries between the observations. They would find some queer differences in the latitude they have measured, because in the course of time the celestial pole, the point where the axis of the earth, if prolonged, would strike the heavens, moves little by little among the stars. This is due to a phenomenon called the precession of the equinoxes, and which, in spite of its difficult, unduly scientific name, one can explain and describe quite easily. It was discovered by the astronomer Hipparchus, who lived two centuries before the Christian era. The ancients determined the duration of the year by means of their gnomons, — the obelisks, as we have seen, are examples, — with which they measured on the ground every day the shadow cast by the sun. When it was at the height of its annual course (the summer solstice) the shadow reached its minimum length, and when it was, on the other hand, at its greatest length, this was the winter solstice. As the equinoxes are equally distant between the two

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solstices, the interval of time thus measured gives the period of the sun's passage to the equinox. Now in his observations of the stars from a given spot Hipparchus observed that year by year the stars which had formerly preceded the rising of the sun rose later and later until finally they were rising after the sun. Everything happened as if the passage of the sun to its equinoctial point was each year getting a little bit ahead of the rising of the neighboring stars — as if the equinox preceded the stars more and more. Hence the name precession. It took eighteen centuries and the discovery of the law of gravitation to understand the phenomenon which Hipparchus had discovered. We know to-day that it is due to the fact that the earth is not perfectly spherical, but flattened.

The North Star is to-day only a little more than a degree from the pole. In the time of Hipparchus it was distant about 12°. Fifty thousand years ago it was 47° distant. Just now the Pole Star is coming closer to the pole. In the year 21,000 it will be less than half a degree from the pole, and then it will begin to draw away once more and will soon lose its title of Polar Star and go back to its regular name, Alpha of Ursa Major, or the Dipper. In the year 4000 another star, Gamma of Cepheus, will be closer to the pole and will assume the rôle of the Pole Star. In the year 7200 it will be Alpha of Cepheus.

We shall not be there to see it, but we are sure of it. How glad we should be if we could predict with equal certainty that the men of those future times will be guided in the moral sphere by other stars, more beautiful than those which to-day are the lodestars of their appetites!

The soundings made by Amundsen during his recent expedition confirm definitely the idea that the basin around the North Pole is occupied by a huge ocean whose depth approaches 4000 metres. Here we have established once more the contrast between the two poles. The South Pole, unlike its opposite, occupies a vast continent in sharp relief, named Antarctica, whose average elevation is considerable and whose extent exceeds that of Europe. It is a remarkable fact that this dissimilarity on opposite points of the earth does not exist between the two poles alone. It applies almost generally to various parts of the globe. Almost everywhere seas stand against continents on the opposite side of the earth. Professor Alphonse Berget has shown, for example, that by drawing a great circle in the right place one can divide the terrestrial globe into two hemispheres, one a continental hemisphere that contains almost all the land, and the other an oceanic hemisphere that contains an ocean surface nine times as great as the surface of the lands that emerge from it. Indeed one can push this idea even further. The lamented geologist A. de Lapparent observed that nine tenths of the surface of the continents and land above the sea stand opposite points on the other side of the globe which are in the middle of the ocean.

All this renders more real and attractive the idea recently put forward by Lowthian Green, an hypothesis of which M. Charles Lallemand of the Academy of Science has constituted himself the eloquent and persuasive apostle, according to which the surface of the globe is assuming the form not of a sphere but of a regular pyramid with four corners. To speak more strictly according to canons of geometry, I suppose I should call such a pyramid a regular tetrahedron. Lowthian Green observed that, when one compresses a rubber ball with equal pressure from the outside, it assumes

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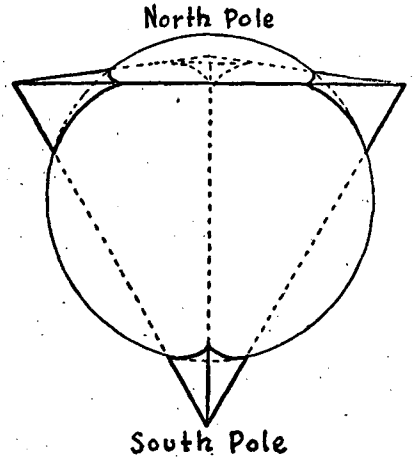
the form of a triangular section with concave sides. Similarly, when one exhausts the air inside a rubber ball or a glass balloon whose sides have been softened by heat, the outside loses its spherical form and takes on what is roughly a pyramidal shape, with four depressions created by pressure from the outside.

The reason for all this is very simple.



OUR PYRAMIDAL GLOBE

The way in which the continents protrude is of course greatly exaggerated to show the general shape of the earth.

Suppose that a spherical surface fits exactly over what is inside, then imagine that this substance diminishes in volume. The outside is compelled to keep its old dimensions and yet tries to fit the shrinking inside. Now elementary geometry teaches that the figure that has a given surface outside corresponding to a minimum volume is a regular pyramid with four triangular faces.

Such is the theory. It explains why the three continental ridges, Africa, Asia, and America, which converge as they reach the South Pole, are separated by three oceans; and it explains why the elevation of the South Pole corresponds to the oceanic depression of the North Pole; why, in a general way, continental elevations correspond to the ocean depths; and also why the ridges are found opposite the flat surfaces of our pyramid. The theory explains a good many other things for which we have no leisure at present, especially the remarkable frequency with which volcanoes and earthquakes are found in the vicinity of the great ridges where the earth's crust is dislocated. The main thing is to describe here this audacious and yet fruitful theory to which Amundsen's recent soundings of the polar ocean have added a new vigor.

As we have said, the portable sextant does not permit us to measure latitude closer than the sixtieth part of a degree, or one minute. On the other hand, the great and highly perfected instruments of the modern observatories permit observations with an error of less than one tenth of a second — that is, approximately six hundred times the accuracy of the sextant. On the map a difference of one tenth of a second of latitude corresponds to two points one of which is only three metres nearer the North Pole than the other. If therefore the point where the earth's axis reaches the surface should move only three metres, measurements could be made at the observatory in Paris which would show that this displacement had taken place; whereas the polar explorer, on account of the inaccuracy of his instruments, even though he were right at the pole, could not detect these movements though they were a hundred times as large. Now it has been observed in recent years in the great observatories of the world that there are slight displacements of the pole, manifestly greater than any possible errors in observation. Although held under suspicion by certain skeptics at first, — there are always people who

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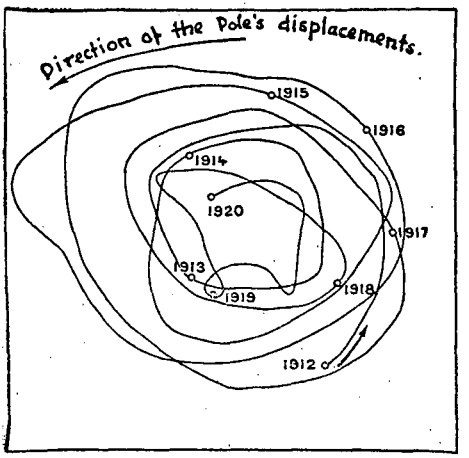
say to science, 'So far but no farther,' — these results have since been completely confirmed everywhere.



THE WANDERINGS OF THE NORTH POLE

To achieve this, one must multiply observations which are intelligently divided and synchronized. If, for example, an observatory at a certain latitude observes a slight increase in its latitude which might be due to a displacement of the North Pole, it is evident that another observatory on the other side of the hemisphere, halfway around from the first, ought to detect a decrease in its latitude. Similarly, a third observatory situated on the same meridian as the first but in the southern hemisphere, ought to detect a slight decrease in its latitude, equal in size to the increase observed by the first observatory. Now that is exactly what the recent measurements carried out by a series of observatories selected by an international agreement have proved without any conflicting evidence. Without going into the details of the subject, which are too technical for us here, it will be enough if we place before the reader the following diagram, which shows the displacement of the North Pole on the surface of the earth as a result of the observations made during eight consecutive years.

The extent of these displacements is trifling, since they could be wholly contained inside a square twenty metres each way drawn around the pole itself. But it is an extraordinary achievement that astronomers separated from the pole by thousands of kilometres, astronomers who have never been at the pole, and for the most part have never tried to get there, should nevertheless be able to discover such trifling movements in that inaccessible spot.

The movement of the North Pole is in a direction opposite to that in which the hands of a clock move — that is to say, it is in the same direction as the rotation and the evolution of the earth. It is evident that the size of these movements is not the same from one year to the other, and that there was a general increase in their amount from 1912 to 1920. Finally we may observe that the time required for the North Pole to make an entire revolution is greater than a year, and equivalent to about 430 days. Now in the eighteenth century the great mathematician Euler, on purely theoretical grounds, had shown that the terrestrial poles might make movements of this sort, describing revolutions whose total period would be 304 days. Euler's calculations were based on the idea that the earth was perfectly rigid. Observation shows us that the actual period, 430 days, is larger than the theoretical period of 304 days. With these differences in mind it is possible to go over Euler's calculations and to determine how far the average rigidity of the earth differs from perfect rigidity. It has thus been shown that the rigidity of the earth is very close to that of steel — a result that confirms the conclusions already reached by the study of earthquakes.

Is it not an extraordinary fact that

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the minute observations of distant stars should enable us to draw conclusions about the centre of the earth which is likewise inaccessible to us?

I have at hand a recent report by Professor Kimura, a learned Japanese specialist in these problems. The most recent observations based on variations of latitude entirely confirm the results previously secured. Moreover, the Japanese observatories have recently found a new variation in latitude which one does not find in distant countries and which seems to have been caused by displacements of matter inside the globe, beneath the soil of Japan. For it is perfectly evident that such displacements of the internal mass must produce a variation in the plumb line above, and consequently, if we start from the horizontal, in observations of the latitude.

Perhaps some day Sirius, or some star still more distant, will permit us to foretell in advance the movements of the viscous mass within the earth that causes earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. 'March ever with your eyes on a star,' the poet tells us. Surely, however, he never suspected — for the imagination even of the poets cannot match reality — that this mystic precept could some day be the rule of conduct for those whose business it is to study the movement of the earth's crust beneath our feet.

FAME

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*Observer*]

THE laurel crown
  Above my head
Has fallen down,
  Its leaves are dead:

And no one ever
  Comes this way,
Even to sweep
  The leaves away.

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SHALIAPIN, THE PEOPLE'S SINGER[1]

BY MIZGIR

[THE paper from which this interview is taken does not claim it to be authentic.]

THE Bolsheviki cannot forgive themselves that they let the adornment and pride of the Russian stage, Fedor Ivanovich Shaliapin, slip between their fingers and settle abroad for good. Accordingly, in view of the approaching thirty-fifth anniversary of his artistic activity, the Soviet Ministry of Education sent a special delegation to Paris, headed by Boris Krasin, brother of the Soviet plenipotentiary-representative in France. The delegation was to persuade the great artist, 'the people's singer,' to return.

The spacious and costly apartments of the people's singer in Paris somewhat nonplussed Boris Krasin.

'I must say, Comrade Shaliapin, you have settled down in a real bourge — I mean to say, very nicely,' said he.

'Why, yes,' the agreeable basso voice sounded. 'Tired of playing the vagabond the world over. Settled here in Paris.'

After due and prolonged diplomatic approaches, Krasin broached the subject: —

'Well, Fedor Ivanovich, and when are we to expect you back in Moscow, in your own native proletarian land?'

'In Moscow? No, comrades, you 'll have to excuse me this time. They say, "Hired — sold," and I signed a three-year contract with my Americans. Afterward, we 'll see. I 'm homesick for Moscow, I am. But as to going back — why, I 'll tell you right here, don't expect me soon!'

There was an awkward pause.

'By the way, Comrade Shaliapin,' mumbled one of the delegates, who looked gloomy and kept up a scowling inspection of the surroundings, 'there 's a trifling case brought against you in the G. P. U. (formerly Che-ka). Just a trifle, I say. We have been informed that some of your costumes for the *Boris Godunov* and the *Pskovitianka* bore real emeralds and other stones, and that when you took those costumes abroad you had the stones passed by the Customs as artificial. It 's a misunderstanding, of course, but the G. P. U. wants to clear it up.'

'Never heard of it. My tailor, Abramka, has been in charge of my costumes, and he is still at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. Ask him. And if I took anything abroad with me — why, I 'm going to keep it. All of my fortune is earned with hard labor, mind you. Not nationalized, the way some people I know possess it. Don't forget!'

At this point the brother of the Soviet plenipotentiary-envoy quickly turned the big diamond on his finger upside down, and began to look into the air as if catching butterflies.

'Eh, let 's cut out that wasting of time,' Shaliapin presently exclaimed. 'Boris Borisovich, could you guarantee me personal safety if I should return?'

'Oh,' replied Krasin, somewhat shocked, 'you don't believe I 'm responsible for these things, do you?

[1] From the *Russkaia Gazeta* (Paris Conservative daily), *August* 9

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Most probably, the Soviet Government will not refuse a guarantee — '

'Most probably! And just the same, you brother of plenipotentiary-representative, you tremble at the thought of returning; and I daresay you don't intend to return, either, and are turning over the matter in your mind exactly the way I did some time ago — '

The attempts to persuade Shaliapin ended then and there, and the delegates walked out of his mansion, having, as the Russian proverb says, 'eaten their soup without salt.' As to the singer's conjectures about the plans of the plenipotentiary's brother, they have come true: not long ago we read in the Moscow papers that Boris Borisovich Krasin resigned the post of manager of the music division of the State Theatres and 'temporarily' remained abroad. In the meatime, however, the Bolsheviki never left Shaliapin without their attention, and the other day in London a *rabkrin*, or representative of peasants' and workers' control, approached him with the following statement: —

'When leaving the S. S. S. R. you agreed over your signature to give ten per cent of your earnings abroad to the Department of Workers' Art. According to our information, lately checked up by the G. P. U., you have made five hundred thousand dollars during these last years. Therefore my chief in Moscow directed me to receive from you the fifty thousand dollars due. Do you wish a receipt — '

'Hm!' Shaliapin said doubtfully. 'It seems a lot of money. I never dreamed of such amounts.'

'Oh, if you please. Here's a list of your contracts. Here are the numbers and dates of the checks you received, and the names of the banks where you had them cashed. Here's a calculation of the different currencies into dollars, and a memorandum concerning your payment of thirty-six thousand dollars income-tax in the United States. Everything in perfect order.'

'I say — this is what I call exact information! Where did you get it? I must say — your agents — Well, you may be right after all. So then I am to pay the Soviet Government fifty thousand dollars, am I? All right.'

The rabkrin at first was numb with surprise, then melted in a happy smile, sweated with excitement, and, snatching a receipt pad from his pocket, began to write out the receipt with feverish haste.

'One moment!' continued the celebrity. 'I 'm not in a hurry for the receipt; you may send it in later. And the fifty thousand dollars you may receive from my checking-account at the Moscow Merchants' Bank, where I had two hundred and fifty thousand golden rubles if I had a copeck! So then you 'll write those fifty thousand dollars off that account, and the remainder kindly transfer to my address here, with the receipt. Understood?'

'I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon!' screamed the rabkrin. 'The Moscow Merchants' Bank has been nationalized long ago, and you know it! Are you joking, Comrade Shaliapin?'

'I 'm not. My money is my own earned money, and not something to be thrown away. I 'm the "people's singer," and the "people's Government" ought to return it to me, except for taxes due. Why, it 's plain and clear as bread and butter, and until then will you be good enough to leave me alone, because if you don't — '

The rabkrin looked remarkably like one scalded with boiling water. He shot out of the room and hastened to Mr. Rakovskii, the Soviet plenipotentiary-envoy in England, to report on the fact that Shaliapin has 'turned about face.'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

HAMLET IN KNICKERBOCKERS

THE production of Hamlet — Shakespeare's well-known tragedy — in modern costume at the Kingsway Theatre has roused a lively debate in England, but to America the cable bore only scanty outlines of this allegedly daring innovation. The real significance of the experiment seems to have escaped most critics on both sides of the water. To regard the use of our contemporary costumes in a Shakespearean play as an innovation is rather naïve. It is not an innovation, but a return to old-established usage, for it is exactly what the English theatre did for something like two hundred years. The costumes have changed, but not the customs.

If it was possible for the Globe to produce *Julius Cæsar* in doublet and hose with an anachronistic clock thrown in for good measure, surely it is reasonable to present Hamlet in knickerbockers. The moral of this supposedly 'daring' attempt is the immense vitality of Shakespeare. It all goes to prove that he was right when he permitted Hamlet to intimate to Horatio that the play is the main thing after all.

The rigid modernity of the costume introduced certain difficulties. Hamlet had to kill Polonius with a sword, and a sword that can really kill somebody is a fairly difficult article to introduce into any modern costume. Hamlet might have been made an army officer with a dress-sabre, but the idea of hurting anybody with a dress-sabre would have set the audience laughing. The producer solved his dilemma very neatly. A suit of armor stood in the Queen's apartment as an antique decoration, and from this Hamlet snatched his fatal blade. The King and Queen wore evening dress and orders. Polonius was a typical bald-headed diplomat. Laertes packed a gun, a priest in a cassock played bridge, the first gravedigger smoked a clay pipe. Ophelia wore a jumper and a short skirt, and did the mad scene in a simple black frock. In one scene coffee and cigarettes were handed around. Need we add that there was electric light — an anachronism with the right Shakespearean tang about it? Hamlet played his opening scenes in a black business-suit and a sport-shirt, but in the graveyard scene he changed to golfing-clothes.

'Hamlet,' says N. G. Royde-Smith, the new critic of the *Outlook*, 'bears the retrimming surprisingly well.' Another critic is delighted to find that the absence of costume forced the actors to pay more attention to their lines.

THE MELANCHOLY DANE A-GOLFING
[*Westminster Gazette*]

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The most encouraging thing about it all was the fact that the audience got used to seeing clothing like their own and concentrated their attention, not on accessories, but on the play as a study of human thought and passion. The moral to be drawn is an exceedingly trite observation on human nature with which all readers of the *Living Age* have long been familiar.

*

A LORD IN TROUBLE

OUR old friend and steady contributor, Lord Birkenhead, is in hot water again. Indeed it may be doubted whether any English lord has ever been in quite so much hot water since feudal days when the hot water was literal — and even then really up-to-date people preferred boiling oil.

The trouble arises over the articles which his lordship has been writing, three of which have been reprinted in the *Living Age*. Lord Birkenhead's reason for writing his articles is not unlike the reason for the writing of this one. His lordship says he needs the money.

The cause of all the protest lies in the fact that Lord Birkenhead happens to be His Majesty's Secretary of State for India, and the British public cannot reconcile itself to the spectacle of a cabinet minister selling his name to the papers. Some months ago, after a fair-sized rumpus in Parliament, the Prime Minister gave an undertaking that his Secretary of State for India would write no more when he had finished a series for which he had already contracted.

Behold now his lordship suddenly appearing in a brand-new field of activity as a writer, not of articles, but of advertisements. The fat is in the fire once more, his lordship is again in hot water — and also in the limelight, a flame which has the peculiar quality of burning the brighter for hot water. Lord Birkenhead has written what can only be described as a 'puff' for a publication called *Mayfair Cartoons*. The puff deals with the career of one William Henry Goodman, a manufacturer of electrical condensers. None of King George's subjects hints that there is anything discreditable in the manufacture or use of electrical condensers; there is not the least reason why Mr. Goodman should not be praised for making them, for no one pretends that his condensers are bad condensers; but there are, as the *Saturday Review* says, 'an enormous number of reasons' why a cabinet officer should not be writing advertisements. This staunch Tory weekly — which ordinarily sympathizes with a lord and especially a Conservative lord, on principle — does not mince its words: —

> Thanks to Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Goodman need feel no apprehension when demonstrating the doubtless admirable electrical condensers his firm makes before Indian Office experts. He can walk into Lord Birkenhead's department with a glowing testimonial from Lord Birkenhead himself. It may be that the testimonial cannot be described as unsolicited; and it must be presumed that the periodical containing it paid Lord Birkenhead for it.

The *Saturday Review* takes the title of its article from a poem by G. K. Chesterton, now forgotten, but very scathing in its time — a time very long ago, when his lordship was plain F. E. Smith. The line is short and not very polite — 'Chuck it, Smith.'

The *Morning Post* indulges in the following satiric ditty: —

> Common advertising's dead;
> Let *me* do your 'ads.' instead.
> ☞ Note the title — BIRKENHEAD.
>
> Don't by others be misled,
> Or by dearer firms be bled,
> I'm the *only* BIRKENHEAD.

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Anything from *A* to *Z*,
Hardware, corn-cures, fancy bread,
Written up by BIRKENHEAD.

If you have a cotton thread
Or a patent folding bed,
Have it boomed by BIRKENHEAD.

My advertisements are *read:*
You cannot now afford to tread
The old paths — 'phone up BIRKENHEAD!
— W. H. B.

The *Daily Herald*, Labor's newspaper, hastened to an advertising man to find out how these things are managed, and gleefully passed on the information to its readers.

'This does not mean, of course,' said my informant, 'that the people who sign write the "puffs." They seldom do. It would be difficult to imagine Lord Birkenhead himself writing such feeble stuff as this, so commonplace and dull. A clerk or a secretary puts the matter together as a rule.

'For this sort of article I should pay an M.P. £50, a leading ecclesiastic £25, a popular actress £75, a film star £100, and a cabinet minister at least £250.'

The *Herald* suggests that as Lord Birkenhead's salary is £5000 a year, and that even when taxes are deducted he still has £3800, his lordship must spend a good deal of money.

His lordship's literary agent and the purchaser of the articles later issued a joint statement in which they explain that the conditions under which the articles were to be written had been changed subsequently to the making of the contract, and the purchaser even confessed that 'additional illustrative matter had been added to the article' without Lord Birkenhead's having been informed.

✻

ON NOT BEING A CHORUS GIRL

MR. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, that eminent impresario, who has been startling England with his quest of pretty girls, and Mr. André Charlot, who claims that he and his assistants have interviewed a thousand girls who all aspire to the chorus of his revue, have stirred the graver elements in the English theatre to issue warnings of a familiar sort. Sir Frank Benson, famous as a Shakespearean interpreter, has written another letter warning all aspirants to histrionic honors that the stage is a hard taskmaster and objecting to the offer of important engagements to beginners because of the harm that it does. The Actors' Association, which roughly corresponds to our own Actors' Equity, complains that the profession is already overcrowded, that the engagement of amateurs is hard on the professional and bad for the amateur's vanity.

All these alarums and excursions because Mr. Ziegfeld selected an amateur and because Mr. Charlot held a special series of Sunday trials for the benefit of girls employed in shops and offices who could not come to the theatre on any other day! Mr. Charlot made spicy rejoinder that acting was overcrowded with incompetent professionals and he personally intended to engage as many amateurs as he saw fit. Mr. Ziegfeld does n't seem to have been worried enough to reply.

✻

OLD VIOLS AND MODERN EXECUTANTS

THE chamber music of the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth centuries can hardly expect to find everyday interpretation so intelligent, so loving, and so near to what the composers meant as it was at the recent festival at Haslemere, organized by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his family. For thirty-five years this great Englishman, who is not nearly so well known as he ought to be, has devoted

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himself to the old music and the old instruments. The Dolmetsch family must be nearly unique, for to a man — and also to a woman — they are players on the ancient instruments and makers of them too. Mrs. Dolmetsch and the four Dolmetsch children between them can play the whole 'chest' of viols, including the viola d'amore with its sympathetic strings and fourteen tuning-pegs, and other old instruments as well, including the clavicord, the harpsichord, the lute, and the recorder — an old form of flute, with whose name everyone who has read Shakespeare ought to be familiar.

Arnold Dolmetsch was trained as a violinist under Vieuxtemps and also studied at the Royal College of Music. He has spent years making instruments in America and Paris, and has even ventured into the perplexing field of public-school music. He is an old friend of Bernard Shaw, whose wife presented him with a Dolmetsch clavicord on his last birthday. Mr. Shaw long ago prophesied that it would take twenty years for London to begin to understand the old music as Dolmetsch interprets it, which is probably the reason why Mr. Dolmetsch takes pleasure in pointing out that twenty-five years have passed since that time. In the meantime London has waked up.

♣

THE VALE OF VALLOMBROSA

THICK as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch'd imbower.

Not everyone who reads *Paradise Lost* had gone to the trouble of finding out whether Vallombrosa is a legendary or a real spot, until the recent unveiling of a memorial in the real Vallombrosa, which the real Milton visited in 1638, brings the subject into the newspapers and settles it once for all. When Wordsworth visited the place a monk pointed out to him the very chamber that Milton occupied; and Wordsworth went to the pains of ascertaining that the trees were not all evergreens, but that there were some deciduous trees that shed their leaves, so that the 'Autumnal Leaves' really could 'strow' the brooks — a piece of literalism that the average critic would hardly expect of any poet.

The memorial consists of a tablet carved by an English sculptor and bearing the following inscription which was composed by the Italian critic Ugo Ogetti: —

Nel 1638
Qui dimorò
il sommo poeta inglese
Giovanni Milton
studioso dei nostri classici
devoto alla nostra civiltà
innamorato
di questa foresta e di questo cielo
30 Agosto 1925

(In 1638 here lived the great English poet, John Milton, a student of our classics, an admirer of our civilization, a lover of this forest and these skies. August 30, 1925.)

♣

THE PLAYER DEAD

THE actors who died in the war are honored with an appropriateness all too rare in war memorials by the tablet which has just been placed in the Stratford church where Shakespeare lies buried. The tablet was unveiled by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. It bears only the inscription: 'In grateful memory to the players who fell in the Great War, 1914–1919,' and this is followed by four lines especially written by Rudyard Kipling: —

We counterfeited once for your disport
Men's joy and sorrow; but now our day has passed.
We pray you pardon all where we fell short,
Seeing we were your servants to this last.

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BOOKS ABROAD

One Increasing Purpose, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. London: Hodder and Stoughton; Boston, Little Brown and Company. $2.00.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Mr. Hutchinson shows again those faults of style which drew down on him the anathema of the critical 'Bodyguard.' But one must judge art by its effect; and Mr. Hutchinson has the power to make an overwhelming impression. Little by little he lines in his picture until at the end one's emotions are tremendously stirred.

But there is much beyond this in his novels. His style is a matter of tactics; his stories are a question of strategy. If I were forced to point to the secret of his success I should place it in his power of taking an old and familiar theme and treating it with a freshness that is almost incredible.

A. S. M. Hutchinson

['Matt' in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

[E. B. Osborn in the *Morning Post*]

His book is an orgy of emotionalism; too often sentiment runs to seed in sentimentality. But ever since Dickens — nay, ever since Richardson — the public has loved the novelist who lets himself go emotionally, even if his emotion becomes commotion. Reticent in our lives, we English have no use for reticence in literature. In other respects his latest novel shows that Mr. Hutchinson is advancing in artistry. There is more life in his characters; and, unlike the people in *This Freedom*, they are not the slaves of a Sardouesque machine-plot, butchered to make a thesis play.

[T. P. O'Connor in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

I do not think it is a book that anybody will read at a single sitting; but it is a book that steadily grows on one, and it certainly may be ranked as equal to anything Mr. Hutchinson has ever done in its extraordinary power of great portrait-painting. Generally, I should say the purpose of the book was to draw a picture of the mental conditions of post-war England.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

If only Mr. Hutchinson had a sense of humor — with which a sense of proportion is necessarily implicated — he might achieve anything. As it is, he seems doomed to be the Hall Caine rather than the Dickens of his generation.

[*Saturday Review*]

All the Hutchinson books that I have read — three in number — make it clear that a certain naïve energy is the author's prime virtue, and sentimental extravagance his besetting sin. I know of no other modern writer in whose work one can find, in such glaring contrast, the very good and the very bad, side by side.

[*Public Opinion*]

The book of the week, and maybe the novel of the season. It is frankly 'religious' in outlook, and there will be many who will welcome the brave daring of a writer who has the ear of the reading public, who is willing to say things that he thinks worth while, when perhaps most people will be expecting him to tell an ordinary, straight, everyday story.

Lectures to Living Authors, by Lacon, with caricatures by Quiz. London: Geoffrey Bles; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925. $2.50.

[*Saturday Review*]

With sharp impertinence and a great air of being outspoken, the pseudonymous author of these lectures gives certain living authors a piece of his mind. This might have been most amusing and even salutary had he possessed more trustworthy information and a little knowledge of the general principles of literary criticism. Unfortunately

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'Lacon's' facts are too often untrustworthy. Mr. Geoffrey Bles has printed the volume very pleasantly, and 'Quiz,' our own artist, who will not be included in the foregoing strictures by any regular reader of the *Saturday Review*, has contributed some excellent caricatures. There is more real criticism in his drawings of, say, Mr. Belloc and Mr. de la Mare than in the particular lectures they adorn, for 'Quiz' has captured the essential spirit of more than one author whom 'Lacon' fails to understand.

[*New Statesman*]

LACON'S book is adorned with a set of the silliest and most ineffective cartoons we have ever seen, but the letterpress is for the most part on a different level. Lacon addresses his 'Lectures' to a couple of dozen of the best-known English writers; and his frank judgments of their work are shrewd and well balanced, as well as amusing. Some readers, having acquired a respect for Lacon's opinions in his earlier letters, may be distressed to discover that he thinks little or nothing of the *Jungle Book*, and seriously regards the *Forsyte Saga* as 'a bigger thing than has been done by any of our contemporary novelists.' But one cannot hope to agree about everything with so charming and capable a critic as Lacon. Addressing Mr. G. K. Chesterton, he says: 'I would sooner read a volume of your songs than one of your detective stories. You are a natural singer, but you have never been able to tell a story.' To Mr. J. C. Squire he says: 'I like you best in your parodies, which are excellent . . . generally I think you are better in your derivative work than when you attempt to stand by yourself . . . This is to be a critic by nature.'

In these verdicts, we suppose, most discerning readers will concur; but Lacon hardly seems to us to have appreciated at their full value either the remarkable power of vivid description possessed by Mr. Masefield — shown most notably in his *Gallipoli*, which Lacon did not like — or the manner in which Mr. Belloc's command and exploitation of the possibilities of English prose make him stand out — among a host of young Georgian littérateurs, adventuring without direction — as the authentic pioneer who is truly master of his craft. We cannot, however, blame Lacon for expressing his views instead of ours; and taken as a whole his estimate of the English writers of to-day, from Bennett to Benson, and from Conan Doyle to D. H. Lawrence, is as catholic and as detached as can be expected of any contemporary critic.

Still More Prejudice, by A. B. Walkley. London: Heinemann; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $2.75.

[*Outlook*]

WE may think we know our Mr. Walkley. Even his admirers will compare him to the thrush whose lonely note repeats weekly the little tune without which our Wednesdays would be empty. It is so pleasant to hear that it seems easy to write, this elegant conversational prose; but it is, in fact, wasted on newspaper readers. Its quality only becomes undeniable when we read it in the place for which it was ultimately written — namely, in the undisturbed pages of a book. There the fleeting memories of some essay which delighted us one Wednesday morning in the *Times* return, and we realize our injustice in having allowed them to give us the slip.

It was only at end of his rereading that the present reviewer realized that the best of these essays, on 'Congreve,' was the one which had been preserved to enrich by an 'extra illustration' the end papers of the 'Life' of the dramatist that occasioned it. It is the best because Mr. Walkley is defending his own art, the art of prose, and he gives to Congreve, as Meredith had done once in passing, the royal recognition of one artist to another. 'Congreve was one of our very greatest artists in prose,' an art 'which appeals to a finer ear . . . in the *jardin secret* of literary delights.'

This is justly and timely said, and all the other essays, from that on the cookery to be enjoyed at M. Boulestin's to the other on Mr. Baldwin's pipe, are but occasions for Mr. Walkley's virtuosity. The moral is: miss your Wednesday's article if you must, but do not miss the volume that it is preparing for you. In the book the thrush has escaped from his cage, and is singing in his own bushes at his leisure.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

SPENGLER, OSWALD. *The Decline of Western Civilization*. Translated from the German by Major C. F. Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $7.50.

VOLLARD, AMBROSE. *Renoir*. Translated by Harold L. Van Doren and Randolph T. Weaver. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $3.50.

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

October 10, 1925

THE REDS. What symptoms of revolution are apparent in the British Empire to-day? What factors are likely to keep society and industry unmolested? Up to the present time what have the Reds been able to accomplish?

IN THE LOBBIES OF THE SENATE. Describe in your own words the members of the French Senate and their surroundings. What do you think of such leisurely methods of government procedure?

TRADE UNIONISM IN CHINA. Amplify Mr. Sokolsky's statement that "in China there is no class struggle." What are some of the reasons for China's resentment of foreigners? What seems to be the future of labor in the East?

A MEXICAN DANCE OF THE DEAD. Tell some of the characteristics of the Mexican Indian that you have gleaned from this article.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE NORTH POLE. How can an Arctic explorer tell from the stars that he is at one of the Poles? How did Amundsen determine his position at the South Pole by means of the sun? Explain the theory advanced by Charles Nordmann that the earth is assuming the shape of a pyramid and that depressions on one side of its surface are balanced by excrescences on the other.

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teachers in adapting the *Living Age* to the classroom, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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The paper on the national characteristics of some of our neighbors, as a man of Mr. Newton's temperament sees them ("Are Comparisons Odious?"), may excite some hot protests, but it makes lively reading.

The illustrations of this volume (eighty, including text cuts) are exceptionally interesting. There is a portrait of a London music-hall singer forty years ago, charming Letty Lind, perfectly darling in spite of her preposterous gown and unbelievable hat. There is one of Ellen Terry in all her wistful beauty. But we half suspect Mr. Newton's own favorite to be that of Mistress Elizabeth Carter, who could — equally well — translate Epictetus and create a pudding.

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